policy of relying on Tory support and leaving the solution of burning questions to his successor. There can be little doubt that Mr. Gladstone might thus have secured the dignity and emoluments of office as long as he cared to enjoy them. But by taking up Home Rule, he deliberately imperilled the whole of his political future. It was on the cards—and he evidently knew it—that he might have been driven entirely out of political life. Surely that was not the conduct of a mere vulgar self-seeker. An intelligent and sympathetic study of his character and career would have shown that his conduct on the Irish Question was in harmony with his political antecedents.

In fact no public man of our time has so often put his political interests in jeopardy for the sake of duty as Mr. Gladstone has done. On the threshold of his career he resigned office in Sir Robert Peel's Government in deference to a point of honour. The proposal of Sir Robert Peel to endow Maynooth College was a direct invasion of the thesis sustained by Mr. Gladstone in his book on Church and State. He agreed with the wisdom of Peel's policy, and supported it; but he held that the sincerity of his conviction should be attested by resignation of office, so that no taint of self-interest should even seem to cling to his change of mind. In 1847 he was elected as one of the representatives for Oxford University—an honour which he dearly prized. In the course of that year Lord John Russell's Government introduced a Bill in favour of the admission of Jews to Parliament. The University of Oxford petitioned against it almost to a man, and Mr. Gladstone's colleague, Sir Henry Inglis, opposed it strenuously. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, spoke and voted in favour of the Bill. His speech, which he immediately republished in pamphlet form, was a comprehensive review of the relations of Church and State. While still defending his theory on the subject as ideally the best, he now discarded it as an impracticable anachronism. To quote his own words in his "Chapter of Autobiography," "Scarcely had my work issued from the press when I became aware that there was no party, no section of a party, no individual person probably in the House of Commons, who was prepared to act upon it. I found myself the last man on the sinking ship." Here, again, Mr. Gladstone separated himself from his party and from the University which had just elected him as a representative, in obedience to the voice of duty and at the risk of forfeiting his political future. And let it be remembered that this was no small thing to a man of Mr. Gladstone's abilities and distinguished position. To an ordinary member of Parliament there would have been no sacrifice beyond the possible loss of a coveted Parliamentary seat. To a man in Mr. Gladstone's position his support of the Parliamentary Enfranchisement of the Jews meant at that time possible exclusion from office for ever. But, as if that were not enough, he made a magnificent speech, and voted in a minority of 95 against the Ecclesiastical Tithes Bill in 1851. And there were not a few sagacious men then who thought that so flagrant a defiance of public opinion would seriously damage, if not entirely destroy, Mr. Gladstone's political prospects.

His opposition to the Divorce Bill and to the Public Worship Regulation Bill may also be mentioned in passing as additional instances of Mr. Gladstone's chivalrous championship of unpopular causes at whatever risk to his own popularity. It is this element in Mr. Gladstone's character that has chiefly won for him the enthusiastic loyalty of the masses. The instincts of the people at large, as distinct from any section of them, are wonderfully just. They are quick in distinguishing between a sincere man and a charlatan. Mere intellectual cleverness and dexterity may dazzle them for the moment, but will never win their enduring confidence.

Another cause of Mr. Gladstone's extraordinary hold on the popular mind is the simplicity of his private life. This also is a part of his character which is a sealed book to many of his political opponents. They imagine that he retires periodically to Hawarden to sulk because he is no longer the foremost man in the field. Some time ago a Tory journal of the baser sort solemnly declared that Mr. Gladstone's love of power was such that it burst forth occasionally in eccentric ways. On one occasion, according to this veracious print, Mr. Gladstone jumped up from his own breakfast table at Hawarden, and rushed round the room, to the dismay of Mrs. Gladstone and the rest of the family, exclaiming in excited tones, "Power! power! power!" Unluckily for the journal, the writer added that Mr. Goschen was a witness of this strange scene—an impudent fabrication which drew from Mr. Goschen an emphatic contradiction and rebuke. The story was of course evolved out of the inner consciousness of the journalist, and it was possibly an honest attempt on his part to exhibit dramatically what he conceived to be Mr. Gladstone's ruling passion.

But what a gulf divides the Gladstone of Tory fiction from the Gladstone of real life! Men marvel at his extraordinary vitality and freshness, and much of this is doubtless due to his splendid physique; but much also must be credited to the absence of that all-absorbing ambition which is supposed, by so many of his political opponents, to be the animating motive of his public life. One of the secrets of health is entire freedom from worries. In this respect Mr. Gladstone's life has been singularly happy. There is no home in England more free from domestic cares and jars than his; and there is probably no man in England who has acquired by habit such complete control over his natural inclinations. When he entered political life, he made it a rule to "leave politics," as he has been heard to express it, "outside his bedroom door." He advised Mr. John Bright on one occasion to adopt this rule as a cure for sleeplessness. "Good heavens," exclaimed Mr. Bright, "I can't do that, for I prepare my speeches in bed." Mr. Gladstone's repose, apart from his ordinary hours of sleep, consists in change of mental occupation. He has the faculty of closing at his pleasure one chamber of his mind and opening another. He will return home from a hot debate—perhaps a disastrous division—in the House of Commons, and in ten minutes forget all about it in the ardour of some fresh pursuit. A visitor to Hawarden may spend days with his illustrious host without hearing a word about party politics. If he happens to be an early riser, he may share Mr. Gladstone's walk to church and back before breakfast; and if he keeps a diary, he is certain to hear something at breakfast, and in the course of the day, which he will not fail to record.

After breakfast Mr. Gladstone retires to his library till luncheon, and returns to his sanctuary after luncheon till about four o'clock, when he takes his afternoon walk with any visitors who may be disposed—and who would not be disposed?—to accompany him. He gives up the rest of the day to his family and guests. Much of his leisure just now, we believe, is occupied, not in drawing up schemes of Home Rule, or even in preparing speeches for his next Midlothian campaign, but in transferring his large library to the new quarters which he has built for it in the village of Hawarden. He intends, we understand, to leave his books to the public, under certain restrictions, and he is gradually arranging them with his own hands in their new home.

Such is the home life of the statesman who is supposed by some to be consumed by the desire to get back to office. It is the penalty of greatness to be misunderstood by outsiders who are close to it. Great men, like great mountains, must be seen at a distance from their base to be appreciated. It is Mr. Gladstone's happy lot to be appreciated in his lifetime

far beyond the experience of most great men; but even in his case it will take another generation, purified from the mist of contemporary prejudices, to understand the grandeur of his character.

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

XVII.—A Thames Regatta.

NOTHING will induce me to reveal the spot where that regatta took place—first, because I don't want to hurt the feelings of the sportsman who sold me a "card" for a shilling at the very end of the proceedings; secondly, because I fancy the venerable Committeeman might be disagreeably reminded of the person who wanted to know why there was so little rowing and so much "walking over"; and, lastly, because that Thames Conservancy officer with whom I argued the right of way in the middle of the stream, when the eight-oar had to stop short because there was no opening in the dispute, might have misgivings too. As a law-abiding citizen (with a mental reservation in favour of lynching) I had no objection to the clearing of the course; but I tried to explain to the Thames Conservancy officer that a man with a soft voice and no elocution to speak of, eminently fitted as he might be to adorn a small tea-meeting, was distinctly out of place in a calling and on an occasion which demanded a Boanerges, armed with Othello's dreadful "bell."

For the great charm of that regatta was that nobody seemed to pay the least attention to the ostensible business of the day. I cannot speak for what the local paper called the *élite*, who sat out of sight on a lawn, and were refreshed by a regimental band, and by an occasional glimpse of the venerable Committeeman, who wore a medal. Beside the river-bank, where you prodded your neighbour's rudder with the prow of your gentle craft, or tipped off his hat with your scull, so that eyes looked unutterable disgust to eyes that spake again; where you listened to the gipsy fortune-teller who beguiled her romantic calling by pretending to sell brooms, too preposterously small even to sweep a shirt-cuff; where your ears were ravished by a medley of sounds, in which the minstrels of burnt cork divided the honours with the Irishman in knee-breeches and buttons and green ribbons, who averred in a powerful Whitechapel accent that his name was Nat O'Connor; here, I say, the last thing in the world you dreamt of asking was whether any race was going on or likely to come off. There was, however, a certain imperfection in one of the arrangements, to which I called the venerable Committeeman's attention.

"Pardon me," I said, "but I observe that the ferry is free."

"Perfectly," he replied with a genial smile, as of one who knows he has conferred an enormous boon on the public.

"And the lunch, I presume—the juicy joints and the pickled waiters—they are in that marquee on the other side of the river?"

"Quite so," said the venerable Committeeman, caressing his medal.

"Then, sir, I put it to you as a financier and a benefactor of the human race, don't you think you ought to have made the lunch free and charged for the ferry?"

I never saw any man so upset. He tottered up to the lawn, where I have no doubt he told the *élite* that there was a terrible Jacobin down below.

Just then a dirty hat was thrust under my nose by a man who was holding somebody else's coat. "It's for Jim, sir; spare a copper, sir—he performed before the Prince of Wales." Poor Jim! He was the most miserable object I ever saw. He had gone into the river with his clothes on, and this was the only merit which could have commended his aquatic deeds to a princely eye. He swam a few feeble strokes till he was nearly jammed between two boats, and then he stood up and surveyed the scene with a tipsy melancholy, while his bottle-holder on the bank weakly suggested that he should try his luck on the other side.

"Let the poor gipsy woman tell the pretty gentleman's fortune," said a voice in my ear.

I give you my word that I am very much too old for any sentiment of this kind. But it was the Baby! Sitting serene and happy in the woman's shawl was a little winsome thing, with round cheeks and great wondering eyes, which charmed a coin out of my pocket in the most magical way. There were four of us in the boat, and four sixpences were sacrificed to the Baby. What my fortune was I do not clearly recollect, for the Baby smiled in the middle of it, and I forgot everything else. But the gipsy gave me a high opinion of her shrewdness, by perceiving in my left eye that I would speak my mind even if I lost a friend by it: a just compliment, you will allow, to the incorruptible independence of the Rambler.

Meanwhile, Nat O'Connor was still telling us his name and lineage, and dancing on a little portable platform about two feet square. Somebody fired a pistol on the opposite bank, and I was dimly aware of the circumstance that an intrepid but belated sculler had threaded his obscure way to the winning post. But public attention was now monopolised by a negro gentleman, who addressed us in what I may call a geographical style. He said a good deal about India, that is to say, he repeated the word a great many times, something like this: "Me stranger—don't know me—India—long way off." As his origin was unmistakably African, this was rather confusing, and I would have expostulated with the venerable Committeeman, had that worthy not been recruiting his nerves among the *élite*.

It presently appeared that the negro gentleman's object was to gain our confidence in order to induce us to throw coppers in his hat, on the assurance that he would do something very remarkable indeed. As incidental evidence of his powers, he produced, apparently from the back of his jaws, a row of tusks, with which he grinned like a walrus. He also put a penknife through his nose, a feat which moved the crowd so much that the coppers rattled into the hat. Then, with a few more flourishes about India, he told us that he would throw some long slender switches he had in his hand right across the river.

Have you ever seen the bargee in his sceptical mood? There was a nonchalant young waterman of this type leaning on a rail, and he scoffed aloud.

"Throw them sticks over the river!" he said—"Garn!"

It was like the Occident, in the pride of its muscle and sinew, sneering at the occult sciences of the Orient. The dropping of coppers into the hat stopped abruptly. The most robust faith could not withstand the cynicism of that bargee.

Did the negro gentleman triumph over the scoffer? Well, he threw several of his switches very nearly across, with a dexterity which astonished, though it did not convince, the waterman. But my attention was distracted by the appearance of a green felt hat, which surmounted the well-known impassive hatchet-face of the distinguished solicitor who is said to carry about with him enough secrets to hang half London. It may have been my fancy, but it seemed to me that a scarcely perceptible shudder ran through the crowd as he glided by. Men looked at one another with a sudden uneasiness, and there was a fresh demand for beer, though they had drunk more than enough already.

As we rowed back I was told that I had nearly steered the boat over a weir. That, of course, was nonsense, but somehow my mind was full of a blooming gipsy lass—yes, the Baby grown up—and I hummed that absurd duet—you remember—"O fly with me now," and "your own gipsy maid," and the rest of it, till I heard the noise of the weir disagreeably close, and—such is the inexplicable association of ideas—at the same moment I remembered the green felt hat!

THE WEEK.

DID PRINCE BISMARCK really see M. EMIL ABRANYI, the Hungarian Deputy, or did he not? That is the question which is now agitating all Hungary; and very properly. If M. ABRANYI lied in giving a report of an interview which never took place, then a young man who has hitherto borne a blameless character has suddenly fallen to the lowest depth of moral degradation, and can no longer be trusted by honest persons. The whole question is one of the comparative credibility of ABRANYI, who says the interview did take place, and of BISMARCK, who says it didn't. How shall we decide? Surely by looking at the character of the two men. There has been no stain hitherto upon the character of M. ABRANYI. But what about M. DE BISMARCK? If DR. HOWARD RUSSELL were to be called as a witness he could tell a story of the way in which, in 1870, he was treated by the German Chancellor, which is in every respect on all fours with M. ABRANYI'S. PRINCE BISMARCK stigmatised as absolutely untrue a statement made by DR. RUSSELL. The latter, furious at the imputation on his veracity, and knowing that the Chancellor *knew* the story to be correct, sought him for the purpose of demanding an explanation of the official denial. BISMARCK evaded him; refused to see him; "cut" him when they happened to meet, and at last when run to earth somewhere in the palace at Versailles burst out laughing, and treated the whole affair as a joke, coolly admitting the lie, but defending it on the ground of public policy. That is PRINCE BISMARCK. Do the Hungarians want more?

THE hospitality which Great Britain accords to the foreigner is often repaid with interest. DR. EUGENE OSWALD, the friend and biographer of CARLYLE, one of the most intellectually distinguished of the many refugees thrown on our shores by the tempests of 1848, has, in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, been taking to task those among his countrymen who sincerely, or from mere ill-will, have lately been proclaiming the decline of England. DR. OSWALD reminds them that it is just forty years since this was still more loudly announced by LEDRU ROLLIN, who, as himself a refugee on English soil, and the husband of a British subject, might be supposed to have known something about the matter, and who really did hit some blots. These blots have been nearly all made good, contrary to the expectation of M. LEDRU ROLLIN, and not one of his vaticinations has come to pass. DR. OSWALD then enumerates the proofs, to which every year is adding, of British enterprise and the irrepressible expansiveness of British trade and industry, and asks whether these look like decay. The articles, appearing in such a high-class journal as the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, are likely to exert a wide influence.

ON the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of DU BARTAS a short time since in Auch, M. HENRI FOUQUIER, in his speech referring to the popular poet's diplomatic missions to England and Scotland, said that "in London DU BARTAS was honoured more as a poet than as an ambassador, and in Scotland the King, would fain have kept him at his Court, gave him a gold chain." This statement gave rise to curious biographical literary reflections. DU BARTAS was without doubt the suggester of "Paradise Lost" in his "Semayne de Création"; but for all that he was a very indifferent poet, and talked about God Almighty's nose—"*le nez du Tout Puissant!*"

WE have a sincere respect for the *Universal Review*, which is a magazine with a definite object in life, and which is free from any hint of the sordidness that attaches to too much of our periodical literature. Paper and print and illustrations all seem to be provided regardless of expense, and it is seldom that there is not at least one thoroughly good article in each number. The present number (which in other respects is of average merit) is, however, disfigured by an article by MR. BAUMANN, M.P., the downright foolishness of which can hardly be exaggerated. MR. BAUMANN bases a laboured and ineffective attack on the London County Council upon the imaginary claim put forward by the friends of the Council that it ought to be exempt from criticism! Poor County Council! Because it objects to having mud (in the shape of abuse) and brickbats (in the shape of downright lies) flung at its head, it is now charged with trying to stifle free discussion.

IT is a pity that, before undertaking to defend BALZAC against the absurd attacks of the *Quarterly Review*, MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN did not read him. He gives himself away with unnecessary liberality when to "Eugénie Grandet" and "Le Cousin Pons" he adds, as yet another example of moral purity, "La Cousine Bette"—the most vicious, spiteful, cruel woman that BALZAC ever drew. The Quarterly Reviewer has apparently read none of BALZAC'S good novels, nor MR. BUCHANAN any of those which, in a moral sense, must be pronounced bad.

SOME novelists make strange mistakes when they take to criticising one another. M. ZOLA has just been setting forth his views on the subject of COUNT TOLSTOÏ and "The Kreutzer Sonata;" and he is, in the first place, of opinion that the Russian author is cracked—"*qu'il a une petite fêlure dans la tête*"—the very thing that MR. STEVENSON once wrote of M. ZOLA. With perfect justice M. ZOLA says that in "The Kreutzer Sonata" COUNT TOLSTOÏ takes an exceptional case and presents it as a typical one. But so little attention has he paid to the book he is criticising, that he supposes the murdered wife to have been passionately fond of music, and the husband who murders her to have entertained a horror of the divine art; whereas POZDNISHEFF was himself a player, and had studied music with an intelligence which shows itself in his remarkable appreciation of BEETHOVEN'S famous Sonata. What could be more natural, M. ZOLA goes on to ask, than that a woman in MADAME POZDNISHEFF'S position—herself a lover of music, her husband a hater of it—should become attached to a tenor? As a matter of fact, however, she falls in love not with a tenor, but with a violinist. The mistake may be a slight one, but there is something ludicrous in the idea of a tenor taking part in the performance of an instrumental duet.

M. ZOLA has, he declares, been long acquainted with TOLSTOÏ'S works—ever since the day when M. DE VOGUÉ (the distinguished author of "Le Roman Russe") brought to the house of GUSTAVE FLAUBERT his translation of "Crime and Punishment." It is difficult, however, to form any idea of TOLSTOÏ'S genius from "Crime and Punishment," as that powerful novel happens to be the work, not of TOLSTOÏ, but of DOSTOIEFFSKI.

M. ZOLA'S confusion of DOSTOIEFFSKI with TOLSTOÏ brings to mind the story told by TURGUÉNEFF of a greater writer than M. ZOLA who mistook GOETHE for SCHILLER. TURGUÉNEFF had been sounding the praises of German literature at the house of VICTOR HUGO. The poet demurred, and asked what author of importance the Germans possessed with the exception of GOETHE, and that, after all who was GOETHE if he was to be judged by *Wallenstein*, his masterpiece, or "*Walstein*," as, for metrical reasons, the

author of the French versified translation writes the historic name. TURGUÉNEFF blandly pointed out that *Wallenstein* was not the work of GOETHE, but of SCHILLER. Firm as a rock, VICTOR HUGO declared that if he had said GOETHE instead of SCHILLER, the mistake was an unimportant one, since the two writers were "just the same."

IT is interesting to know that BROWNING detested every sort of parody. He even threatened to instruct his publisher to take legal proceedings against anyone who used a poem of his for this nefarious purpose. This susceptibility can scarcely have been due to the exploits of the parodists at his expense, for parodies of BROWNING are comparatively few. His peculiar elliptical manner sometimes suggests burlesque, but also defies it. LORD TENNYSON has been parodied enough in all conscience; but apparently that does not trouble him, though he did once enjoin the comic man not to vex the poet's soul with shallow wit.

MANY persons will have read with deep regret the melancholy paragraph which on Thursday morning announced the accidental death of MRS. MORGAN, who under her maiden name of ALICE HAVERS was so well known in the art world. The life of MRS. MORGAN had not been a happy one, through no fault of her own. She had been compelled to obtain a divorce from her husband (she was not, as the newspapers implied, divorced by him). She found in her work the best relief for her mind, and at the time of her death she was steadily growing in reputation as an artist of singular grace of touch and fancy. Two of her delightful sketches were reproduced as the supplemental plates of *Yule-Tide* last Christmas.

MR. WALFORD has let many suns go down upon his wrath against MR. ELLIOT STOCK. They quarrelled about a dozen years ago, and the author still pursues the publisher with implacable animosity. "I would not have my shelves defiled with anything bearing his imprint," says MR. WALFORD, and it would certainly be difficult to frame a more comprehensive anathema. But as everybody does not regard MR. STOCK'S publications as disfigured by "the mark of the beast," MR. WALFORD'S relentless ire is a little tiresome to his friends. Vendettas of this kind are not romantic, and they are apt to become even grotesque.

THE amenities of criticism have been enriched by MR. GEORGE SAINTSBURY, who says, in the *Academy*, that MR. HENRY JAMES'S novel, "The Tragic Muse," ought to have been called "The Idiot Asylum." The chief idiot, it seems, is "besotted with a mindless actress." This suggests that MR. SAINTSBURY has not taken the trouble to read the book. So far from being "mindless," Miriam Rooth develops a striking force of character, and a combination of qualities which show how accurately MR. JAMES has studied the conditions of histrionic genius. Indeed, it may be doubted whether any novelist has ever performed this very necessary task with so much skill and truth. And Miriam is none the less impressive as a type because MR. SAINTSBURY, in his wisdom, has not taken the most ordinary pains to understand her.

CRITICS and connoisseurs of painting must be puzzled, and we should think distressed, by the different and conflicting views which various correspondents of the *Times* have been putting forward in regard to the celebrated HOLBEIN—so called, at least—of the Dresden Gallery. The work is generally supposed to be a portrait by HOLBEIN of a MR. MORETT, who, according to some authorities, was goldsmith to KING HENRY VIII.; though others of equal weight look upon MORETT as a fabulous personage, and declare the picture to be a likeness of the DUKE OF SUFFOLK, a contemporary of HOLBEIN. SIR THEODORE MARTIN and "W. O." are believers in MORETT, while SIR J. C. ROBINSON doubts his existence. In former days the work which now passes as HOLBEIN'S was attributed to LEONARDO DA VINCI, and was catalogued as a portrait of LUDOVICO SFORZA. But what is still more remarkable is that when, in the autumn of 1871, a HOLBEIN exhibition was held at Düsseldorf, the committee decided that the so-called HOLBEIN of Dresden—which, like the famous and indubitable RAPHAEL of the same gallery, enjoys the distinction of being kept under glass, with a perpetual guardian by its side—was, in the first place, not a genuine HOLBEIN at all, and, in the second place, "not even a good copy."

ALL is now bustle at the Lyceum, where the preparations for the production of the *Bride of Lammermoor*, somewhere about the third week in September, are in full swing. Those who have seen the piece speak very highly of it. There is an atmosphere of tenderness and poetic beauty about the drama which softens the gloom of the tragedy, and will undoubtedly tend to increase the popularity of the piece. It need hardly be said that the play will be presented with the care, thoroughness, and liberality, which pre-eminently distinguish MR. IRVING'S management.

A CORRESPONDENT of the morning papers has raised a protest against "sky signs," the latest and most hideous form of advertisement introduced into London. Of what use is it to protest against these abominations, when the authorities sit with folded hands and allow any offence of this kind to be perpetrated? It is an actual crime in the city of London for a newsvendor in the streets to display a placard of a magazine or periodical not being in the nature of a newspaper; but your "enterprising tradesman" is at liberty to blot out the best view of a building like St. Paul's by rearing aloft a hideous structure bearing his "image and superscription," whilst we gaily consent to "kill" the architectural effect—such as it is—of our best modern buildings, by placarding the walls near them with the coloured effigies of more or less naked women. The age of civilisation, forsooth! It is the age of advertisement.

HAS elementary logic ceased to be part of an Oxford graduate's education? Some remarkable views about vaccination have been contributed by an Oxford man to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Compulsion, he says, is needless; for if your neighbour and his family are vaccinated, how, on the vaccination theory, can you harm them if you are not inoculated? After this piece of reasoning it is not surprising to learn that the Oxford graduate knows "one case" in which something dreadful happened to a vaccinated child, and suspects many more. That sort of suspicion ever haunts the illogical mind.

"GENERAL" BOOTH has been busy again, not only in laying down marriage rules and regulations for his Army, but in raising up his voice against the wearing of mourning and the present mode of conducting funerals. The fashion of wearing black dress, crape, and the like, together with the use of hearses, mourning coaches, and hired undertakers' men, "to take part in a ceremonial with which they have no sympathy beyond that of getting paid for it," he denounces as "worldly, melancholy, useless, and unprofitable, and at the same time needlessly expensive." He adds to that: "It has the appearance of being a reflection upon the providence of God."

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

THE *Observer* is wrong in supposing that the Labour Bureau of the Salvation Army aims at the "extinction of poverty" by increasing over-production. GENERAL BOOTH has simply established registry offices for the purpose of bringing employers and labourers into practical communication. It is surely better to help the search for work in this manner than to leave the searchers without any organisation lest some economic truth should be violated by putting employment in their way.

GREAT in most things, America seems to be specially great in prophets. Its most distinguished specimen at the present moment is "PROFESSOR J. RODES BUCHANAN," who, in the current number of the *Arena*, deals death and destruction around in a manner which may stir the united envy of ZADKIEL, the REV. MR. BAXTER, and LORD BRAMWELL. "The Coming Cataclysm of America and Europe" is indeed something out of the common order. In America there is to be civil war; millionaires are to become an extinct race; New York and the eastern seaboard is to be destroyed by earthquake, and then "the age of woman is to commence." In Europe, the Professor names the dates at which the Queen, the Pope, and the PRINCE OF WALES, may be expected to die (one of these dates is already past), makes a cheerful prediction as to the end of monarchical institutions, the Sultanate excepted, and winds up with the promise of a convulsion of nature which is to rend all the shores of the Mediterranean. They do these things better in America than in "effete old England."

ONE of the most puzzling questions of the week is "What is to be done with TOMMY NOAKES," the naughty little boy, aged four and a half, who is in the habit of pushing his playmates into the canal at Stoke-on-Trent, and drowning them? At the inquest held on the little body of ISAIAH POTTER, who was the last victim of homicidal JOHNNY, upon the coroner declaring his inability to deal with a child of such tender years as the depraved little NOAKES, the jury requested him to ask the Home Secretary for a special order to place this apparent maniac under proper control; the mother having declared she was unable to control her tiny son, and adding that he "had got into a habit of wandering much from home."

THE CLUB OF DEAD REPUTATIONS.

BUT it is so long since my fingers closed upon a pen that this one slips round in them in a manner painful to see. I am not so very old, and yet I have scarcely less difficulty in tethering my thoughts. Such persons as may remember my name in the days when the public prints saw much of it will say, Better for me and for them if my thoughts had always wandered out of my reach, being but poor thoughts at the best. But I do not need to be told that I have outlived my reputation. We of the club of dead men have had time to grow modest.

There is a handful of us only, and none, perhaps, know so well as we that London makes a rare hiding-place. We saunter through streets where bunting has shone in the sun to the honour of some of us, and are as disregarded as the spar floating on the sea where it was once part of a gallant ship. There is a man among us who, not so many years ago, at this very season of the year, was the hero of a Parliamentary session, and his own party papers, at least, vied with each other which should do him most honour. But nowadays he would have a difficulty in getting a place in the Strangers' Gallery. The sons of the men who used to point him out proudly as he walked down the outer Lobby would now hand him back his card. There was a month when my book was in every carriage that rolled away from Mudie's, and when not to have it in the hand in Piccadilly was to have forgotten the fashion. We have an actor who, like all the rest, was the greatest England had ever seen, and a soldier who was met by royal telegrams at Dover. Our mantelpieces have been as thick with pretty cards of invitation to the houses of the great as those of the explorer and the poet and the sailor who hold our place to-day. We have been the hero of the reviews and the guest of famous clubs, and no one, least of all ourselves, foresaw the future. We have sunk from sight and the world knows us no more. We are done with fame.

We do not repine, for our glory was of long ago, and those of us who have a little wisdom left know that we got more than our deserts. For a season the public insisted on looking at us through a magnifying glass, and then they turned the glass on others, when we, seen at life-size, looked smaller perhaps than we really were. This must always be the fate of those who, for a moment, loom larger in the public eye than they have any right to do. Our only complaint is that we are blamed for what was the public's fault. The public finds us out, it says, and heaps ridicule on us. Yet we never intentionally deceived the public. We did not put on the giant's robe ourselves, or if we did, it was only after the public had presented the robe to us. But the public which insists in its freaks on making great men of small ones is merciless when it tires of the game. It will accept no blame. It really "finds out" itself, but it always says it has found out us. It is all-powerful, and blows us over at once, when the indignities we suffer are such as to obliterate our past distinction. If Martin Tupper thought himself a great poet, he only felt as thousands of little poets do—and where was the harm? It was not he who compelled all the English-speaking world to buy his book. The great foolish public said: "Here is a second Daniel," and reared a lofty pedestal, on which poor Mr. Tupper liked to stand. But it was the world of readers who placed him on it. By-and-bye they saw that he had no right to a pedestal, and then they cast him off it and put him in the stocks. Yet if anyone should have gone into the stocks, it was not the poet-philosopher who was too long in dying, but the public that had given a pedestal to the wrong man. I suppose we of the dead men's club are all Tuppers. It may be (who can tell?) that there is a great man among us, of whom his contemporaries' first thoughts were truer than their next estimate. If so, he will get his crown yet. But I hardly expect it. We are mostly, so far as I can see, a collection of commonplace, honest old gentlemen.

As a club we are of no importance except to ourselves, and we have well-nigh forgotten that once upon a time illustrious clubs not only saw us at dinner on the chairman's right hand, but jumped a hundred candidates to elect us at the next committee meeting. Our names have vanished from the lists of members for several reasons, all of which are doleful. Perhaps we, who used to fling our money about so freely, thinking that celebrities could not come to need, are no longer able to pay the annual subscriptions. Some of us think that a year or two after our election as "distinguished persons," the committee was a little ashamed of its precipitancy, and that spoils the club for them. And though the other members are gentlemen meaning no discourtesy, it is not pleasant to us to see them staring at us over their newspapers and know that when we have gone sadly away they will say to each other, "I thought he was dead years ago." For first we are the talk of the town, and second it laughs at us, and then it is done with us.

We have not forgotten how to smoke nor to play whist, and so we like to meet together, and we can even be gay amongst ourselves. It is such an insignificant club that we have no rules, so far as I know. Anyone can join us whom fame has wrecked.

I think there is an understanding that all members must have been referred to in the newspapers as dead, without any one's contradicting it. You may think that to us death would be a happy release, but we cling to life just as you do. And death is harder on us perhaps than on most, for we are not allowed to slip quietly into our graves. The journals discover that we were once famous, and many articles are written to show why we did not "last." Some are content to say that our vein of genius was thin, and so, soon exhausted, and they even treat us with respect. But the majority flout us, and speak as if we had sought immortality on false pretences. It is told how we used to hold our heads high, and the public is amused, knowing us for what we were. But the public made us what we seemed to be, and should only chide itself for its bad workmanship.

And we, forgetting that we were once as blind as they, sometimes sit together wondering to see the celebrities of the hour uplifted on their pedestal and thinking it secure. We see a poet hailed as the coming laureate, we read that he is already writing loyal odes in advance, and all the time his seat is waiting for him here. We see a politician who "cannot be kept out of the next Cabinet," and a novelist who is great on the bookstalls, and a "man of action" who is to be among the next batch of baronets, and we are so certain that they are on the way here that we already greet them as brothers. We shall pass away soon, but it is ordained that the club of dead reputations must live on.

ITALY'S HOME AND FOREIGN POLICY.

ROME, August 12, 1890.

IT is some time since I last wrote to THE SPEAKER; but indeed nothing has passed but what you will have heard of by telegraph. The session of Parliament was prorogued in the second week of July, and closed some days ago, after a substantial but not very significant vote of confidence in Signor Crispi. The only interesting decision of the legislature is that of which I have already said something to you, the passing of the law on public charities. Contrary to his own declarations in the Senate, Signor Crispi defended in the House of Commons almost all the amendments which were made by the Senate to the Bill voted by the House. Thus we have a law less radical, and we have avoided a conflict between the two Houses. And in the same spirit Signor Crispi has nominated lately to superintend the execution of the law a very Moderate member and Councillor of State, Signor Bonasi, who opposed it during the discussion, and who will be as prudent as may be wished in applying it. Signor Crispi likes to do this sort of thing, to be neither wholly on one side nor the other. He is, he thinks, his own party.

The financial question remains unsettled. In the Senate one of the most able Senators, the most able, perhaps—Senator Sarono—attacked all the plans, the very modest plans, of the Minister of the Treasury, Signor Giolitti, and dispelled all his hopes, I think, of covering the deficit of the Budget without imposing new taxes or aggravating the old ones. The Minister, it is true, tries to increase some of the old taxes as quietly as he can; and Government has power to review, that is to augment, the tax on house property; but when the Administration is ready with the application of the augmented tax, there will be very loud outcries, for the country is poor—very poor—especially just now, and it is already overtaxed.

Here are the totals of the income and expenditure for the coming financial year (1 July, 1890—30 June, 1891) as the Minister of the Treasury puts them:—

	Francs.
Income	1,849,389,601·49
Expenditure	1,882,197,136·40
Deficit	32,807,534·91

But it would be imprudent to believe that the expenditure will not grow. The year, one may say, is hardly begun. There is another session of Parliament to pass over. There is no session which is not very expensive. And it is to be observed that 145 millions of francs of the income which are employed in the construction of railways are got by issue of bonds—that is, are debt.

But we are a spendthrift people. In the last days of the session Parliament voted a law with the title, "Measures on Rome." It had become necessary to make some provisions to aid the municipality of the capital of the realm. It had expended more than two hundred millions of francs without having completed the whole plan of the so-called renovation or rebuilding of the town; it was yet far from having accomplished it; and it could not go on. Government was partly responsible for that great expense. The municipality was not only powerless to pay the interest upon the debt contracted, but also to pay the cost of its ordinary annual administration. Signor Crispi long delayed the presentation of a Bill; and then he presented it in a hurry. There were some articles which implied that the administrative ability of the municipality was not to be depended upon. The effect was that the municipality resigned immediately. The Roman people became excited. Many strong words were uttered against Signor Crispi, and Signor Crispi thought well to abandon the articles of the law which had been found offensive, and to leave the Committee of the House at liberty to give to the municipality much more than he had intended. It is difficult to say precisely how much the law will cost the State. There is not yet any exact estimate, but it will be not less, in any case, than two hundred millions I think. Rome will not be more beautiful or comfortable then than now. We have till now done nothing to increase the convenience or the dignity of the town. There has not been time to think of what we would do to modernise our ancient and glorious capital without spoiling it. We will continue, I am afraid, to spoil it. In the meantime we have no elective municipality. I think we shall not have a new one before October. Till then a *Commissario Regio*—you don't know such things—will administer the business of Rome. He cannot achieve much; he has, by the law, very limited powers; he will study the Budget, and in due time present the conclusion of his studies to the Municipal Council. Here, still more taxes are required, but Rome is, of all the great towns of Italy, the least able to pay more than it pays already.

But, perhaps, there has happened in Italy in the last few days something of much more interest to foreign readers than our Budget and our Roman expenditure. You know that the Austrian Government had on the 16th July the unhappy thought of dissolving the Society Pro Patria, which lived undisturbed till now in the Austrian provinces, in which the population is partly or entirely Italian—Trentino, Istria, Trieste, Dalmatia. The aim of the society was at once literary and national. The Italian language, Italian culture, the spirit of Italian nationality, are hard pressed by the Germans and by the Slavonians in these places, and the Austrian Government favours the German and Slavonic expansion, and fights, as much as it decently can, against the Italians, who do their best to hold their own. The Association Pro Patria was, after all, nothing more nor less than a quite rightful means of defence. Its principal care was to found, to inspect, and to propagate Italian schools. The Austrian Government has not only been wrong in suppressing it, but more wrong still in the motives of the decree which it has published. They are all ridiculous; but the most ridiculous of all is that this society was related to an Italian one, which was set up in Rome a year ago—the Society Dante Alighieri. This society is literary and national also, and does not restrict its action to the Italian population of Austria, but aims to operate wherever there are Italians who need

assistance to maintain their language, their culture and nationality.

It was natural that such a freak of a Government not only friendly but allied—a freak quite unexpected too—was very distasteful to Signor Crispi. He is the chief of the Government, and he sticks to the alliance with Austria, which he has, following after Mancini and Robilant, cemented anew, but he is at the same time perfectly persuaded that the Society Pro Patria and the Society Dante Alighieri are doing good and useful work. The last-named society addressed to him a protest against the misrepresentations of the Austrian decree. What has he done? The newspapers have been and are quite at a loss to know. The truth is that he has not written any Note to the Austrian Government, nor presented any observation on the dissolution of the Society Pro Patria. But he charged our Ambassador, Signor Nigre, to explain to Count Kalnoky, the Foreign Minister of Austro-Hungary, that the Home Minister of Austria, Count Taafe, did not know anything about the Society Dante Alighieri, which is, besides, subsidised by the Italian Government.

This is all that has been done, so far as diplomatic action is concerned; but it is not all with respect to party action at home. The Radicals have found out that there was an excellent occasion of falling upon the Ministry and its policy. They have no liking for the Triple Alliance; they would much prefer a French alliance. There was to be an election in Rome; nobody cared about it. Very few electors went to the poll on the first day of the ballot, but on the second day, Sunday last, the 10th inst., they were more than ten thousand voters, a very great number for an Italian constituency. The Moderate Liberal—and, at the last hour, the Ministerial—candidate, Count Antonelli (the African traveller and friend of Menelick), got more than five thousand votes; and the Radical, a voluntary, I think, exile from Trieste, more than four thousand. A difference of a thousand votes appears to be very great in England, and the result of such a trial of strength between the two parties very decisive. But in Italy it is not so. We find that four thousand five hundred votes in Rome to a Radical candidate—that is, to a Republican and *Irredemptist* candidate, a candidate who wishes to subvert the Government, to destroy the Monarchy and the Church, to change the political alliances and the foreign policy of the State, and to wage war upon Austria in order to rescue our Italian brethren — so many votes, I say, are too many. Among you the meaning of Radical is not the same; but among us it is ultimately what I have told you. It is well that the clericals, who are so numerous in Rome, did not share in the election, the Radical—to whom otherwise they certainly would have given their vote—being a Semite. You must note that the Moderate candidate disagrees from the Radical, with respect to the Italian populations of Austria, only as to the means and the time of rescuing them; he could not say that he does not wish to rescue them, to incorporate them with the Italian Kingdom. If he had aroused a suspicion that he was indifferent on that point, he would not have got half of the votes which he got. And there is something else of very great importance to note: that is, the uncertainty and the looseness of the alliance between Italy and Austria, if a means be not found to settle peacefully and satisfactorily the question of their frontiers, which it is undoubtedly very difficult to find.

The session, as I have said before, is closed; but we do not know if we shall have the General Election in the autumn or next spring. The Ministry has not yet come to any decision; and it is free to come to any which it finds most convenient to itself. The practice in Italy is that the Ministry discloses its will as late as it can; and the latest moment is forty days before the election day. In this way a General Election becomes a snare to the adversaries of the Ministry, who cannot prepare for it so well as its friends.

BONGHI.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"THE LESSON OF THE SESSION."

SIR,—In an article of August 23rd last, on "The Lesson of the Session," you note very truly some evident reasons why the Government have failed to carry their recent Bills. There is, however, a further one which you have not noticed, but which I think may reasonably be included, and which I will mention. It is this. The Government have been compelled by circumstances to attempt to serve two Masters; and we know on the best authority, as well as from the dictates of common sense, this is an impossibility to accomplish. These two Masters are the Tory party and the Democracy. They love the one and hate the other.

But in consequence of their fatal position, they are obliged to frame their measures with such a leaven of Liberalism, that it becomes necessary to squeeze the votes for them out of reluctant Tories, whilst they only obtain a half-hearted consent, if any, out of the Liberals. Take the meagre Allotment Acts as a sample. Apparently the majority in the House of Commons disliked the Publicans' Endowment Bill, the Irish Land and Tithe Bills, as much as the minority did.

And, furthermore, although the supporters of the Government have obeyed the Whip—which they would do, as I think John Bright once declared, if their leaders proposed to abolish one of the Ten Commandments—yet the Tory Upper House has, in some recent instances, rebelled against Lord Salisbury.

If a vessel with all its sails set has a strong wind blowing in one direction, and a minor class of steam-tug is pulling it in the other, it needs no further obstruction to make its progress dubious. Other winds were lulled, indisposed to help and secretly pleased. If, after the manner of his friendly act to Ulysses, Æolus had presented the pilot of the labouring vessel with all the winds confined in the bag—Boreas, Notus, and their brethren—so that he could unitedly squeeze them out in any direction he pleased, Omnipotens Smith might have overcome the steam-power of the Radical tug, puffing and obstructing in vain, and might ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm.—I am, your obedient servant,

PETER A. L. WOOD.

Newent Rectory, Gloucestershire,
August 25th, 1890.

SIR,—With much interest I have read your article under this title. Have you not, however, missed what is the real lesson taught by the Session—namely, that the country is *not* anxious for legislation, and that obstruction in the House of Commons is distinctly *popular* with the constituencies?

With regard to the first part of my proposition: We see no great agitation throughout the country (Ireland excepted) for any particular reform at the moment, unless it be the eight hours movement, on which even the Trades Unions appear to be divided, or the Tithes question in Wales.

Even such a great change as that created by the County Councils was brought about by no agitation amongst the people!

Again, judging by analogy: Do the democracy in either the United States or Switzerland show themselves anxious for much legislation? Experience, I believe, teaches the contrary. You have only to read Bryce's "American Commonwealth" to see how barren a session of Congress usually is.

Or if you prefer to go to Switzerland, take the case of the Referendum as given by Adams. Out of nine references to the people, between 1875 and 1879, five were rejected.

With regard to the second part of my proposition—Does a member who gets the credit of being an obstructionist lose popularity with his constituents and the country?

How about the members of the Fourth Party?

Will Sir George Campbell be any the worse for his action in the House of Commons at the next General Election?

In all probability his majority will be greatly increased in consequence.

What the country fears is grandmotherly (or, as it is now called, socialistic) legislation.

What it wants is good administrative government, with the liberty of the individual untrammelled by the bars and fences of unnecessary and ill-considered legislation.—Yours truly,

August 24th, 1890. AN ECONOMIC RADICAL.

THE NEXT HOME RULE BILL.

SIR,—"The Wicked Liberal Unionist" thanks you for your courtesy, and would not venture again to intrude on it but for the numerous references to his letter in last Saturday's SPEAKER. Four Home Rulers have now addressed you under the heading I have placed above my letter. Mr. Colquhoun Reade sought "to elicit the views of Mr. Gladstone on the next Home Rule Bill." Mr. Morton, of the "Home Rule Union," declares that Mr. Gladstone could not state his views more clearly than he has already done, and informs your readers that the new Bill is "the old

Bill *plus* the retention of the Irish members," but omits to say with what powers or in what numbers; while "J. A. P." is a bold "all-rounder," who demands Irish Home Rule merely as a first step to Federation of the Empire, in which pleasant dream he hopes THE SPEAKER will participate. Now I think all this shows how needful it is that Mr. Gladstone should respond to the wishes of many in his own party as well as ours, and enlighten them and the country by a plain exposition. By Mr. Gladstone, I do not mean him alone, but also those who would form his Cabinet. Amongst them would be Mr. John Morley, Lord Rosebery, and Earl Spencer; and, unless there is to be another disruption of the Liberal party, the opinion of those three eminent men must coincide with the opinion of Mr. Gladstone. What the country needs, in order to decide with its eyes open at the next General Election, is to know clearly what is the plan of the Front Opposition Bench as a whole. When the suffrage was restricted to men of more or less education and experience, they required little time to comprehend, to discuss, and judge. Now-a-days five or six millions of voters have to go through this mental process, and to decide *pro* or *con* on a change in the Constitution, which THE SPEAKER very lately and justly described as one of "tremendous gravity." Professor Freeman, a devoted Gladstonian, declared not long ago that it was the most important question that has agitated English politics since 1688. Surely in such a conjuncture men should rise superior to the interests of party, and should think only of the State. Let the people judge by all means—but give them time and opportunity to understand. "J. A. P." says, "Keep the Irish members with full powers, and you will have set a ball rolling which will assuredly result—first in Home Rule all round, and afterwards in Imperial Federation." Possibly; but we want to know if Mr. Gladstone and his chief lieutenants desire to expedite such a "ball," and, if they do, whether the country, after full deliberation and discussion, will support them. Home Rule all round, as Professor Freeman lucidly showed last year, means the unmaking and deposition of England; but this seems a small matter to "J. A. P." "Federalism," he cries, "will not suit Englishmen, we are told! If so, I can only say, So much the worse for the Englishmen's Empire." On this I only suggest that your correspondent should let Englishmen judge. For myself, I am meekly content with the United Kingdom; and I hold that its disintegration would retard, not hasten, that closer union with the Colonies which so many of us, of all parties, vaguely desire, and hope some day may take formal shape. The preservation of "the Englishmen's Empire" is an excellent thing, provided it can be combined with the preservation of England. E. D.

August 25th, 1890.

HOME RULE AND ROME RULE.

SIR,—Your article "Nationalists and Catholics" (August 23rd) reviews the quasi-independent attitude of Irish Nationalists in recent years towards the Vatican and notes "their determination to repudiate the interference of Rome in Irish affairs." Finally, it is asked, "What becomes of the cry that 'Home Rule means Rome Rule'?" And it is suggested that "the Protestant minority" can, now, have little reason to fear the establishment of a "subordinate" Legislature on College Green.

Your question is a fair one—for the majority of Englishmen, no doubt, a telling one. I desire to point out that, to many Irish Protestants, the reception which the Papal Rescript of 1888 has met with, and the tone adopted by Irish Nationalists towards the present Pope and his advisers aggravate, instead of diminishing, the dangers of maltreatment from "an independent Irish Parliament and Executive on College Green."

A great deal has happened since the days of Hildebrand and Innocent III. Roman Pontiffs are becoming more and more amenable to European or international opinion, and Leo XIII. has shown himself specially amenable. Were "Rome" really likely to "rule," or to exercise influence in Ireland, under an "independent Parliament and Executive on College Green," were it probable that Leo XIII. would be recognised by Irish Nationalists as the final appellate authority on purely Irish affairs, on questions of morals, civil rights, and civil liberty, the Protestant minority would, they believe, possess some guarantee, some faint international security, against maltreatment. The reception which the Rescript of the Sacred College met with from Irish Nationalists in 1888, and the language used by the latter towards the Pope because he dared to interfere—not in strictly political matters at all, but in those which touch civil liberty and civil rights—are not calculated to reassure the Protestant minority in any way. The alliterative jingle "Home Rule and Rome Rule" has, indeed, lost its meaning in Ireland. It is no longer Rome Rule, but a special form of Irish "Gallicanism" which the Protestant minority look forward to; in other words, the ascendency of certain well-known Catholic archbishops, bishops, and priests, who hold strictly "local" views about property, debts, boycotting, and other matters appertaining to civil liberty. The Church of Rome boasts—with some truth—that she never changes. But that, at best, is but half a truth. It is manifest that the very weakness of the Church of Rome makes her largely opportunist, in these days. In Spain and her colonies, Catholicism is reactionary and conservative; in Ireland we see the Catholic hierarchy and priesthood, willingly or unwillingly, committed to the ideas and methods of the most "advanced" school, and indeed it would almost seem that the Nationalist party have evolved a special form of Catholic Non-conformity, which combines intense dislike to Protestantism with "dissent" from *fin de siècle* Vaticanism. For example, the "Irish idea," according to the testimony of not a few Nationalist authorities, is "vengeance." No one supposes that Leo XIII. shares that idea. But the very fact that the present Pope is too weak to enforce even his non-political ideas in Ireland is, in the opinion of the Protestant minority, an aggravation of certain risks and dangers.

August 23rd, 1890. CHARLES FAIRFIELD.

VINDICATORS OF WARREN HASTINGS.

SIR,—Forrest's volumes, to which you refer in a paragraph of "The Week," do not "almost cover the period of Hastings' Government." Starting from April, 1772, and closing in January, 1785, they fairly cover the whole period.

With regard to another sentence in the same paragraph, permit me to remark that long before Sir A. Lyall wrote about Warren Hastings, I had "effectually disposed of some of the heavy charges" brought against Hastings by Burke, Mill, and Macaulay. Sir Alfred's book was published last year. My "Warren Hastings: a Biography" appeared in 1878.

Sir A. Lyall's book, as compared with mine, brings out no new point in Hastings' favour, while in some passages it bears too hard against him. A still earlier champion of the great Governor-General was Horace Wilson, whose annotated edition of Mill's misleading History appeared in 1868.

Let me add in no vainglorious spirit that the great value of Mr. Forrest's three volumes consists, not in any new readings of Hastings' character, but in the full and clear light they throw on the more doubtful passages in his career. They consign Macaulay's popular essay to the realms of pure romance.—I am, Sir, yours obediently, L. J. TROTTER

Marlings, Enys Road, Eastbourne, (Captain, Half-pay).
August 16th, 1890.

AN OLD INN.

DEAR SIR,—In your article "Inn and Knapsack" you quote Hazlitt's description of an inn between Farnham and Alton. If that inn is not the old "Bush," at Farnham, it must be its own twin-brother, for even now, nearly a century after Hazlitt's visit, it fully answers his description. There are the rooms into which you are shown, and which look at first, from the outside, "like common outhouses," but which very agreeably disappoint you after you have once entered them, and one of them opens into the old-fashioned garden mentioned by Hazlitt, full of sweet-scented old-fashioned flowers. It is true the portrait of Charles II. no longer adorns the mantelpiece, and I am much mistaken if they still serve coffee in the "silver coffee pot," which seems to have delighted Hazlitt's heart, but otherwise the "Bush" is one of the few old inns yet remaining in this time of huge, overgrown hotels, and it is well worthy a visit from those who like to indulge in old-world fancies.—Yours truly,

E. D. OPPERT.

Stratford House, Ryde, I.W., August 26th, 1890.

NOW AS THEN.

ONCE upon a time (say folk)
When the roads were in a muddle,
Walter Raleigh laid his cloak
Right across the largest puddle,

Crying—"Madam, now you dare
Rain or mud or dust defy—shod
With your subject's loving care!"
So the Queen passed over dryshod.

Though his raiment fine was soiled
Raleigh did not mind a feather;
For *his* velvet was well spoiled
In defending *her* shoe-leather.

Gorgeous mantles decorate
Now no more the sons of Adam;
Puddles do not devastate
Modern roadways of Macadam:

But though garments change their name,
And though forms and fashions alter,
Thoughts and feelings are the same
As they were to good Sir Walter.

So—my Dearest—I will strain
All I am and have and swear by,
For the chance that you may gain
Just a moment's pleasure thereby;

I will spoil my robes of state,
Sacrifice my silks and laces,
If they may but separate
Your small shoes from miry places;

I will strew my best till death
On your path across life's valley:
You—my Queen Elizabeth!
I—your faithful Walter Raleigh!

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE.
Friday, August 29th, 1890.

IS it permissible, in a literary *causerie*, to speak of Wood Engraving? "Only of block-books," a literal person might reply—a retort which suggests undesirable rejoinder. Undoubtedly the subject is more artistic than literary. But perhaps—in the dead season—one may risk it, *pour se délasser*. "*Délassons nous un peu à parler de M. X.*"—is the beginning of one of Sainte-Beuve's *causeries*, anatomising I know not which of his rival critics. In default of a rival to dissect, let me speak for a moment or two of Mr. W. J. Linton, and his recent "Masters of Wood Engraving."

Roundly, it is exactly one hundred years from the true revival of the art. Before 1790, Bewick had indeed issued his "Fables" of 1779 and 1784. But it is with the "Quadrupeds" of 1790 that his fame begins—a fame maintained and extended by the "Birds" of 1797—1804. Four-and-twenty years later he is astonished at the progress which has been made by his pupils. "Little did I think," he wrote not many months before his death, *à propos* of Northcote's "Fables," "while I was sitting whistling at my work-bench that wood-engraving would be brought so conspicuously forward, and that I should have pupils to take the lead in that branch of the art in the great Metropolis." Before another decade had passed, engraving on wood was superceding engraving on copper and steel. A history had become a necessity, and Charles Knight issued the "Treatise on Wood-Engraving" of Jackson and Chatto.

It is now known as by one name alone, Jackson having faded into the background. This is but an act of tardy justice, for the authorship properly belongs to Mr. W. A. Chatto, father of the well-known publisher of Piccadilly, Jackson having usually done little except supply the material of a few notes, and execute or procure the necessary cuts. Of its kind, the book is excellent. But beyond a perfunctory supplement added by Mr. H. G. Bohn in 1861, it has never been revised or extended, and much of the information accessible to Mr. Chatto in 1839 is now, from lapse of time and the inevitable progress of research, either antiquated or obsolete. That, sooner or later, the subject would have to be treated anew was inevitable.

Mr. W. J. Linton, upon whom this enterprise has fallen, possesses unique qualifications for the task. Not infrequently the author of a book of this kind is either technical and non-literary, or he is literary and non-technical. Mr. Linton is well equipped in both respects. He is a distinguished *littérateur* and a trained critic, and as a wood engraver and expert he has a European reputation. Upon this latter qualification he now chiefly takes his stand. "It is as an engraver (he says) that I write." That he should sometimes seem to lean too exclusively to this aspect of his theme is inevitable; nevertheless, while it is well that perfection of technique should have its praise, it is not well that it should have it all, unless it co-exists with charm of design.

The previous history of the book deserves a paragraph. Twenty years ago its author's object was limited to making a supplement to Chatto. But investigation speedily revealed the fact that something more was needed, and that a larger subject required larger leisure; consequently, four or five years since, Mr. Linton began a systematic examination of his accumulated material and of the riches of the British Museum Print Room. Laden with photographs of typical examples, he returned to his adopted country, America, to write his book. Having finished it, he set up three *folio* copies in type with his own hands, adding mounted examples of his photographs, which were all in triplicate. One of these copies then came to England, to serve as the MS. for Messrs. Whittingham, the printers, and Messrs. Dawson, the reproducers of the illustrations. So originates "The Masters of Wood Engraving," of which the whole edition, dating from the author's house at New Haven, Connecticut, and not to be reproduced, is limited to five hundred copies, short royal *folio*, and one hundred on larger paper. Each copy is signed.

Of the contents of this magnificent volume it is impossible to speak adequately here. Briefly, it consists of two great divisions, "knife work" and "graver work." Under the former comes everything previous to Bewick, which was cut with knives on the plank; under the latter all that dates from Bewick until now, which was cut with gravers on the end (or round) of the wood. The first division deals with Saints and Playing Cards, with Block-Books, with Blocks of Wood or Metal, with Dürer and the Apocalypse, with Lutzelburger and his "Dance of Death," with Papillon and his "Traité de la Gravure en Bois." In the second division are treated Bewick and his pupils, Branston and John Thompson, Harvey, the Williamses and others, the list being rather selective than exhaustive. In this Mr. Linton follows Chaucer's "Man of Law"—

> "Me list not of the chaf ne of the stre
> Maken so long a tale, as of the corn."

A chapter on Chiaroscuro winds up the volume.

The illustrations, thanks to the multiplicity of modern processes, and to the skill of Messrs. Dawson, Mr. Colls, and Messrs. Walker and Boutall, are worthy of the text. They are accurate facsimiles of the originals, and not of the originals only, but of the best impressions of those originals. The student who here studies Cranach or Beham, Holbein or Dürer, Bewick or Thompson, may rest assured that he is as near to the originals as it is possible to get. In fact, since a good copy of a good impression is admittedly better than a good copy of a bad impression, there are cases in which he would probably be better served by Mr. Linton's *facsimiles* than by indifferent originals.

Mr. Linton's well-known views respecting the decadence of modern wood-cut art, as developed in the chapter entitled "In the Winter," will doubtless, as he appears to anticipate, receive but qualified favour. His points, however, are stated moderately and fairly, and this detracts nothing from the fact that his book is a splendid example of work at once instructed and enlightened, at once capable and conscientious. No book of greater value in its kind has ever been added to the annals of English art.

D.

REVIEWS.

A PHILOLOGICAL TREATISE ON PRIMÆVAL HISTORY.

PREHISTORIC ANTIQUITIES OF THE ARYAN PEOPLES; being the Second Edition of Dr. O. Schrader's "Sprachvergleichung und Urgeschichte." Translated by F. B. Jevons, M.A. London: Charles Griffin & Co. 1890.

THE science of what is called Prehistoric History, *i.e.*, researches into those periods of human development for which we possess no written records of contemporary or nearly contemporary date, is a creation of the present century, and mainly of the last thirty years. There are four methods of pursuing it. The first is the anthropological, which has for its materials the physical body of man, and, as regards primæval man, his bones and especially his skull, and which seeks by an examination of these physical data to determine the relations to one another, and the succession in various parts of the earth's surface, of the different races of man. The second is the archæological, whose materials are the works left by primitive man, his buildings and diggings, the remains of his utensils, clothes, arms, as discovered in the spots which he formerly inhabited: such are the remains, for instance, of the palæolithic Cave-dwellers, the neolithic and Bronze age Lake-dwellers, the constructors of cromlechs, the Mound-builders of North America. A third method is that which takes customs and institutions for its province, examining the social usages, the legal usages, and, above all, the superstitions and religious usages of our remote ancestors, these being preserved for us by traditions, which ultimately, though often so much modified that it is not easy to determine their earlier stages, became embodied in written descriptions. Fourthly there is the philological method, whose materials are to be found in language, but which regards language not as a science in itself, studied for its own sake, but as supplying historical data by which facts regarding the primitive state of the various branches of the human family may be ascertained. This philological method enables us to do three things. It indicates the relationships to one another of the races which speak various languages, showing that while some may be regarded as brother races, others are rather in the position of cousins, or are still more distantly connected. Then it tells us what point in civilisation a race had reached when its language was formed, by pointing out for what objects it had names, and how far these names had begun to indicate distinctions between species belonging to the same genus. And, thirdly, it supplies a clue to the relative date at which different races belonging to the same family diverged from one another, by showing what words or roots are common to certain languages of one family while not possessed in common by other languages of the same family. If languages A, B, and X, belong grammatically to the same family, but A and B have many words in common which are represented in X by quite different words, it may be concluded that A and B were the language of one people after the people who spoke X had severed themselves from the old stock which originally included all three. And if A and B have a common name for a metal which is called by a different name in X, it may be conjectured that this metal was not known at the time when the ancestors of the races that afterwards spoke A and B and X all formed one people, but was discovered at a time when those who spoke language X were already distinct.

Dr. Schrader deals with primæval history by this fourth or philological method. Occasionally he is obliged to have recourse to data supplied by archæology, or by the study of institutions; less frequently to those of anthropology. But in the main his arguments and conclusions are based upon linguistic materials. That these materials are themselves often doubtful as well as incomplete, our knowledge of some of the Indo-European languages being still imperfect, and the etymological relations of many roots uncertain, goes without saying. The subject, though it is by no means so vague and speculative as the untrained reader might suppose, is still so far unsettled as to require a very careful and cautious mind to deal critically with its data. Such a mind Dr. Schrader possesses, and this is what makes his book valuable. His accuracy and his power of sifting and weighing evidence so soon impress us that even where we incline to differ from him we do so with hesitation. It may be added that although the book is not one for the listless reader, it is anything but dull—that is to say, it may be read through with pleasure by anyone who cares about early history.

The volume consists of four parts. The first is a review of preceding theories and of the general progress of prehistoric researches into the Indo-European peoples. The second part treats of the application of linguistic methods to the problems proposed. The third deals with the metals, their names, the superstitions connected with them, their use among primitive peoples. The fourth gives a sort of general picture of primæval (Indo-European) man from the data which language furnishes, dealing with the animal kingdom, and particularly cattle, with the vegetable kingdom and agriculture, with food, clothing, housing, trade, the family, religion. It winds up with an attempt to localise the original home of the Indo-European race. This home Dr. Schrader finds in the South Russian steppes, on the middle course of the Volga; and he conceives that after the division of this race into its two great branches—the European and the Iranian—the former abode for a considerable space of time in the region between the Danube and the Dnieper, the region we now call Galicia and Western Russia; while the latter similarly remained for a time in, and dispersed themselves from, the country between the Sea of Aral, the Helmund, and the Indus. This section of the treatise is perhaps the most purely speculative. The data seem to us inadequate for any definite conclusion, and the inferences very disputable. Nevertheless the fourth part, taken as a whole, is an excellent piece of cautiously constructive work, and brings together a great mass of highly interesting information. Dr. Schrader is quite justified in treating of the Indo-European peoples apart from other peoples, because it is language that supplies the data he uses, and the classification of a number of races into one Indo-European family is a linguistic classification. He does not, so far as we have noticed, claim for the races constituting this family the possession of any special institutions or usages unlike those of other varieties of the human species; in fact, he more than once seems to imply that no such common possession has as yet been made out—a view in which we fully coincide.

The translation is clear and agreeable; the best compliment that can be paid to it is to say that it does not remind one that it is a translation.

FRESH LIGHT ON LOCKE.

PHILOSOPHIC CLASSICS FOR ENGLISH READERS: LOCKE. By Professor A. Campbell Fraser. W. Blackwood & Sons.

THIS is a little book, but it contains a great deal of laborious thought packed into small compass, and represents years of patient and attentive reading and re-reading, close observation and comparison, and clear, deliberate judgment. It is a book rather for the student than for the general reader. It is much less readable than Professor Fowler's sketch of Locke in the "English Men of Letters" series, partly because it makes more use of the special philosophical dialect, and partly because it goes more into detail and criticism of Locke's opinions, its main purpose being to "show Locke's characteristic office in the succession of modern philosophers." The more one has studied Locke's own Essay, the more cordial is likely to be one's admiration of the

acuteness, delicacy, exactness, and impartiality of Professor Fraser's exegesis.

The impartiality of the interpretation is all the more remarkable that the interpreter's own leanings are manifestly and avowedly towards transcendental Idealism, and critics with such leanings have not hitherto shown much patience in trying to understand Locke. He proves himself really anxious not to exaggerate the differences between Locke and himself, but to search out and make the most of the points of agreement. This is rather a rare thing in philosophical literature. The discussion of philosophers would possibly command wider interest and a more general respect if it were less rare. It is at any rate a striking feature in Dr. Fraser's exposition, and helps greatly to make the work, small as it is in bulk, a really weighty contribution to the history of philosophy.

"Back to Kant" was the cry in Oxford some years ago. Already there are signs of reaction. This movement back *pour mieux sauter* has been far from profitless, but the forward impetus would not seem as yet to have carried us into a final philosophy. Perhaps a step farther back, "back to Locke," would be worth considering.

Those who know Locke merely as the "Empiricist" of transcendental critics, contradicting himself at every turn, stumbling blindly into the most obvious inconsistencies, will be surprised to find how coherent Dr. Fraser makes him by bringing clearly out the main purpose of the Essay, and taking all the "four books" together, with a view to a full interpretation of its leading ideas. Not a few of the inconsistencies of which Locke is often supposed to have been convicted by his critics, from Shaftesbury to Green, disappear under the more complete light thus thrown upon his doctrines. Transcendentalists sometimes caricature their own method by first ticketing Locke Empiricist or Sensationalist, and next proceeding from their conceptions of what ought to be the doctrines of such a philosopher to deduce what are, as a matter of fact, the doctrines advanced by Locke. This is not Dr. Fraser's way: what precisely Locke meant by "ideas," "ideas of sensation," "ideas of reflection," "substance," "perception," "judgment," "knowledge," "certainty," and so forth, he collects by patient induction from what, as a matter of fact, Locke says in connection with these words throughout the Essay. If we really wish to get at Locke's meaning, this would seem to be the only satisfactory way of going to work; but it is not so simple as it seems, partly because the topics are extremely intricate, and partly because many issues have been raised since Locke's time which could hardly have been in his mind when he wrote, and upon which, consequently, he did not, except by implication, pronounce any opinion.

It is a real help to the understanding of the epoch-making Essay to dwell as Dr. Fraser does upon its practical purpose, and to connect it with the political and religious movements of the author's century as having for its main intention to serve as a guide to reasonable action in the transition that was taking place. It was as it were by accident, and as a side issue, that the Essay became the starting-point of modern philosophy. The practical conduct of the understanding in its application to human affairs was more directly before the author's eyes than the solution of philosophical problems. Dr. Fraser makes this good in detail, and his exposition of Locke gains greatly in freshness as well as clearness by making the practical purpose prominent. We see more clearly what Locke meant by "the new way of ideas" when it is opposed to the empty or idealess phrases and traditional dogmatic assumptions against which reconstruction in Church and State had to fight. We realise better on the one hand why he dwelt upon the essential limitations of the human understanding when we see this made the basis of a plea for religious toleration; and on the other why he was no less earnest in insisting that sufficient certainty for practical purposes was attainable when we remember that the very limitations of human reason might be made a plea for unquestioning submission to authority.

Dr. Fraser's historical treatment of the Essay is luminous and suggestive. But though speculative problems were not uppermost in Locke's mind, it is as the starting-point of modern philosophical speculation that the Essay is permanently interesting. Like many other influential documents, it has been oftener written about than read. It seems strange that after two hundred years, during which no philosophical work has appeared that has not been directly or indirectly influenced by Locke's Essay, it should be possible on the bicentenary of its publication to produce an exposition of it that has all the charm of explorations in an unknown country. Yet this is what it has been reserved for Dr. Fraser to do.

The service which this compact study of Locke is fitted to render to the history of philosophy would have been increased if the comparison between Locke's doctrines and subsequent transcendentalism had been made more definite. Dr. Fraser does not a little in bringing them together, and probably would have done more if his limits had made it possible. He has condensed so much into less than 300 pages, that it seems ungracious to ask for more. But his exposition is unfortunate in one respect. On topic after topic—"sense perception," "the idea of infinity," "the idea of substance," and so on—he expounds Locke with admirable lucidity and precision, and then adds on each topic an indication of the questions that did not occur to Locke, or were passed by as being too speculative, but which were afterwards raised by Kant and his followers. Now it so happens that Locke's doctrines are always stated in words that have simple or defined meanings, whereas the brief indication of the Transcendental questions is given in a more special and undefined diction. It was probably impossible to avoid this without unduly swelling the bulk of the little volume, but the fact is to be regretted. The inexpert reader is apt to feel as if his guide had brought him along a plain and easy road towards a fog, carefully pointed out where it began, and then disappeared in it. One would have liked that it had been possible to make a more categorical comparison of Locke and Kant, stating their problems and conclusions in identical terms, and thus making clear the exact amount of agreement and difference between them. That there is more agreement than is commonly assumed Dr. Fraser makes indisputably manifest, although he dwells repeatedly on the difference between them in procedure. He treats it as an open question whether Locke meant the word "experience" to connote its own rational implicates as well as its contingent or variable data. Now one would have liked him to say categorically how many of the Kantian presuppositions or rational implicates, or whatever they are to be called, are to be found in Locke's analysis of metaphysical ideas. Locke did not systematise them as Kant did, but he did not ignore them when he encountered them in his elaborate report on the contents of the human understanding. A means of reducing the two philosophers to a common denominator might be found in the Newtonian method, which both Locke and Kant consciously followed in their researches. But the closer comparison which we desiderate could not have been made without a considerable amount of extended argument, and this would probably have interfered with the plan of Dr. Fraser's book.

As it is, he has packed into small space an exact and luminous interpretation which cannot fail to advance the intelligent study of Locke's great work. The brief biography of the philosopher also has merits, and contains the results of research into hitherto unused documents. We read with much regret in the preface that Dr. Fraser has abandoned his intention of editing a complete edition of Locke's works.

AN ARTIST IN GREY.

MIRIAM'S SCHOOLING, AND OTHER PAPERS. By Mark Rutherford. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1890.

"MIRIAM'S SCHOOLING," we fear, will not satisfy many people. Since the publication of "The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford," the anonymous author, whom we will call Mr. Rutherford, has produced a "Sequel to the Autobiography," "The Revolution in Tanner's Lane," and the present book; and to our mind his first effort is his best. But though "Miriam's Schooling" is slighter and less powerful than the other three, it has qualities which entitle it to the name of literature, and make the reader glad it has been written. The piece after which the volume is called fills a hundred pages, the remaining half being devoted to the story of "Michael Trevanion," and three interpretations, or rather realisations, of the stories of "Gideon, Samuel, and Saul." Readers of "Mark Rutherford" will remember the author has treated Job in one of his earlier volumes in the same style—a remarkable blending of the original version and imagination. None of the three studies now presented strikes us as equalling the one on Job; but they show much insight, especially the sketch of "Rizpah the Horite," who gossips in her old age about her dead lord and master Saul. We give an extract:—

"The people were weary of their oppression and the hand of the Amalekites, and the Philistines were very heavy on the land. They therefore prayed for a king, and the thing displeased Samuel, and he tried to turn them from it. But they refused to listen to him, and when they came together at Mizpeh, Saul was the man upon whom the lot fell. Again, I say, he desired not to be king. I saw him no more that day, for the tumult was great, and there was much for him to do. But that evening he came back to me at Gibeah; he, my Saul, came to me as anointed king. Oh, that night! never to be forgotten were I to live a thousand years, when I held the king in my arms. Never—no, not even on the night when I first became his—had I known such delight. I have seen more misery than has fallen to the lot of any woman in this land, and it has not passed over me senseless. I am not one of those who can go through misfortune untouched, as a drop of oil can rise through water. I have taken it all in, felt it all to the last sting there was in it; and yet now, when I call to mind the night after he was crowned, and its rapture of an hour—the strength and eagerness of his love: the strength, the eagerness, and the pride of mine—I say it is good that I have lived. The next morning I saw him with his valiant men—the men whose hearts God had touched; how he set them in order, and how they followed him—him higher than any of them from the shoulders upwards—and I said to myself, 'He is mine, the king is mine, that body of his is mine, and I am his.'"

"Michael Trevanion" is a study of the Calvinistic mind. A father sins against his son, self-convinced that "it is his duty to submit for ever to separation and torment, if only he may shield his child from God's displeasure." The working out of this idea might be accounted a failure, if it were not redeemed by an extreme quietness of tone. This quietness in the treatment of his material is what is most pleasing in our author. His view of life is grey, his favourite theme is depressing—the struggle of sensitive and not over-strong natures with the over-mastering materialism that hems them in—but he never overstrains his situations, or exaggerates his shadows. "Miriam's Schooling" is the outline of the life of a woman whose disillusioning experiences are much the same as those of many other women in the lower middle class. Miriam is the daughter of a foreign watchmaker settled at Cowfold—the life of this country town being drawn by Mr. Rutherford with much skill. Miriam goes up to London for a few years, passes through some bitter experiences, narrowly misses a connection with a man who would have ruined her life, returns after a time to the country, and marries a Mr. Farrow, a basketmaker, a harmless, good-natured, practical-minded rustic. Miriam has aspirations, capabilities, passion; her husband is an excellent man, "who never went near a public-house, but never opened a book, and during the winter, when the garden was closed, amused himself with an accordion, or in practising his part in a catch, or in cutting with a penknife curious little tables and chairs." There is no plot in the story, which simply consists of a number of scenes strung together just as they are strung in real life; but one must, of course, give Mr. Rutherford credit for the art which has selected for us a number of scenes without making us believe for an instant that it is patchwork we have before us. The only fault, from the artistic point of view, we have with our author is that he is a trifle too didactic, and there are a number of truisms scattered through his pages which disturb one's enjoyment of his delicate style; but the point we wish to call attention to is the self-restraint of his art. There is no false note in the book, nothing to make one suspect, as one suspects often in the best American novels, that the author attaches any more importance to his characters, their limitations, and their sufferings than attaches to like characters and like sufferings in actual life. The keynote of "Miriam's Schooling," the possibilities, utterly different, which attach to her becoming the wife of Montgomery or the wife of Farrow, might indeed be unnoticed by the general reader, unconscious that there was a keynote at all. We subjoin a passage as an example of the author's style:—

Mr. Didymus Farrow, during his wife's absence in Verona, had been very much engaged in whittling a monkey which toppled over on a long pole; but, being dissatisfied with its performance, he had taken his accordion out of the box, and, just as Lady Capulet called, he struck up "Down amongst the dead men," which, whatever its merits may be, is not particularly well adapted to that instrument. Verona and Romeo were straightway replaced by Cowfold and the Cowfold consort. He was in the best of spirits, and he stooped down just as his wife was waking, took the cat—which was lying before the fire—and threw it on her lap.

"Oh! please do not!" she exclaimed, a little angry, shocked, and sad.

"I wish you would not sit and addle your brains over those books. Blessed if I don't burn them all! What good do they? Why don't you talk?"

"I've nothing particular to say."

"You never have anything to say when you've been reading. Now, if I read a bit of the newspaper, I've always something to talk about."

She was silent, and her husband continued his tune.

"Miriam, my dear, you aren't well. Are you in pain?"

Mr. Farrow never understood any suffering unless it was an ache of some kind.

"Let me get you just a drop of brandy with some ginger in it."

"No, thank you."

"Yes; you will have just a drop." And he jumped up at once, and went to the cupboard.

"I tell you I will not!"

The "not" came out with such emphasis that he desisted, and sat down. The monkey lay on the table, the accordion lay there too. Mr. Farrow stopped his whistling, and lay back in his chair with his finger to his mouth. At last, he took up the book, turned it over, and put it down again. He loved his wife after his fashion, and could not bear to see anyone distressed. He placed his chair beside hers, and lifting her arm, put it round his neck, she nothing resisting.

"Tell me now, there's a dear, what's the matter?" and he kissed her.

"Nothing," she said, somewhat softened by his caresses.

"That's right, my twopenny"—a name he used confidentially to her. "A little faint—the room is rather close;" and he opened the window a trifle at the top, returning to his seat, and embracing her again.

Yet, though she yielded, it was not Mr. Farrow who held her in his arms; she purposely strove to think an imaginary Romeo's head was on her neck—his face was something like the face of Montgomery—and she kept up the illusion all that night. When she came down to breakfast, and sat opposite her husband, it struck her suddenly that she had cheated him, and was a sinner.

This is not great art, nor is it brilliant in any way; but its homely truth is very refreshing after a dose of contemporary fiction. If Mr. Rutherford has disappointed us, it is in giving us sketches when we looked for a finished picture. But the conscientious artist will have his reward.

A REJECTED PROPHET.

PESTALOZZI: ÉTUDE BIOGRAPHIQUE. Par J. Guillaume. Paris: Librairie Hachette & Cie. 1890.

M. GUILLAUME has given us in this work an interesting account of Pestalozzi, the founder of that system of education which, though it did not perform the wonders which it promised, nevertheless has had a considerable influence on the training of

the young. "It was the opinion of Pestalozzi," writes Mr. Herbert Spencer, "and one which has ever since his days been gaining ground, that education of some kind should begin from the cradle." This opinion is surely some thousands of years older than Pestalozzi's days, though no doubt it was he who brought it into prominence. To go back only a little way, what does Mr. Spencer say of Wesley's mother, who, from the time her children turned a year old, and sometimes earlier, taught them to fear the rod and cry softly? What does he say of Lord Chesterfield, who was convinced that at the age of eighteen months a child could be taught the great duty of kindness to the lower animals? What does he say of the mothers and nurses who, from time immemorial, have sung to their babies the old songs, and tuned their ear to melody and to words? In all this there was, it is true, no system. The education given was by chance; Kindergartens were not dreamt of. "Pestalozzi," as Mr. Spencer goes on to say, "enunciated the doctrine that, alike in its order and its methods, education must conform to the natural process of mental evolution." Unfortunately in his practice he was often one of the most un-Pestalozzian of educators. Like many violent reformers, he was a man who thought much but read little. The world, whether of books or men, was but little known to him. From the age of thirteen to thirty-four he had never opened a book, and, in his old age, he boasted, if we can trust one of his pupils, that he had read nothing since he was forty. He was nursed in the School of Rousseau, and among the natural rights of man he reckoned, no doubt, that of being "cocksure" of everything. He did great good by his passionate protests against that pedantry which kills in the child the very life of the soul and mind, but in the remedy which he provided he sometimes fell into as vicious a system himself. His method may have given a shock to the old systems, but it is very far from being, as its enthusiastic admirers maintained, the gospel of primary instruction. Happily for our little ones, we have not yet arrived at those Pestalozzian days when every child who learns his spelling-book shall repeat all the sounds of its language to the infant in the cradle, before it is able to pronounce even one of them, so that they may be deeply impressed upon its mind by frequent repetition. What Pestalozzi attempted, he said, was to "mécaniser l'éducation." What he succeeded in doing was not building up a new method but striking a strong blow at much that was bad in the old.

He was the most unbusinesslike of men; fit for little but theorising. Nevertheless for one half-year of his life he had great success as the master of a school of little orphans, sixty-two in number, of ages ranging from four to ten. He lived with them, worked with them, played, ate, and slept with them. The good which he did them he did by his simple and affectionate nature. The orphanage was brought to a sudden end by one of the waves of the great war which followed on the French Revolution. In such an institution he could succeed, for everything depended on himself. He had no under-teachers to rule. Had it been continued, and had it thriven, doubtless confusion and failure would have soon come; for it would have grown beyond the powers of one man to manage—a staff of masters and some kind of organisation would have been needed, and his incapacity would have been quickly shown. Though he founded what he called a method, he was entirely without method himself. In one of his schools, according to an account given by one of his under-masters, he had no fixed hours for lessons. He was the most untidy of men; he dressed like a beggar; his strange manners, his absence of mind, his gesticulations, his habit of talking to himself as he strode along, and of constantly chewing one end of his cravat when he was lost in thought—all these peculiarities exposed him to ridicule. He was often mocked by the rude passer-by, though his pupils, who felt the strength of his love for them, came to love him in return. He had no capacity for business, and was like a child in the management of his money. He was full of plans for making, if not a fortune, at all events a comfortable maintenance. He studied agriculture for a few months, and then declared that he had adopted a line of life which offered him abundant means, for he could buy up wastes, and grow on them madder. He was cheated in buying his land, and he began to build on it a farm-house in the style of an Italian villa. He soon became bankrupt. He next turned to dairy-farming, and failed in it also. He then set up a factory for cotton-thread, in which poor children should be employed, receiving their education while they were working. His brother-in-law advised him to attend to his own education before he troubled himself with the education of others. He failed once more.

He now and then lost confidence in himself, and complained that he was not made for the world, and that there was no place in it which he was fit to occupy; nevertheless, that the world never asked whether it was through his own fault, or the fault of others. Even his wife, poor woman, at last lost faith in him; for in his everlasting projects she had seen most of her fortune disappear. When he was, he said, on the eve of turning into a reality one of the greatest ideas of the age, he wrote to beg her to cease from her reproaches. "Mais pour l'instant tais-toi, chacun de tes mots me perce le cœur. Je ne puis supporter ton éternelle incrédulité. Ainsi, écris-moi des paroles d'espérance. Tu as attendu trente ans: attends encore trois mois." The Promised Land was always a few weeks or months ahead, but was never reached either by him or her. She was worried by all the daily vexations of a debtor, while he was supported by his boundless hopes. *L'idée pestalozzienne* was to work a revolution in the world. Prince Esterhazy came to visit one of his schools. The enthusiast, with his *passion pédagogique*, was convinced that if before this great personage the best pupils were examined it would inevitably lead to the foundation of Pestalozzian schools in Hungary and Austria, and to the emancipation of thousands of serfs. These glorious hopes, however, were at times sadly troubled. He, the great reformer, was, as it were, reformed upon himself. One of his most ardent followers resigned his post as assistant-master, because he could no longer do wrong to his conscience by taking part in an establishment, "dont l'esprit n'était plus le véritable esprit pestalozzien." What was still worse, in the same village, with the help of some other deserters, he founded a rival institute, proclaiming to the world that they had leagued themselves together "pour empêcher l'idée pestalozzienne de périr." Of the masters who had remained with him, some of them struck, partly for an increase of pay, and partly for the right of taking coffee with him every day after dinner, "en témoignage de la considération qui leur était due." He was persecuted by a lawsuit, and by pamphlets in which his character was violently attacked, and the poor old friend of humanity passed out of the world in the midst of troubles and gloom.

M. Guillaume seems to have written his book in a spirit of great impartiality, doing justice not only to his hero, but to his hero's adversaries. He has given us an interesting study of a very curious character—a character which, with the greater uniformity of education that everywhere prevails, has become far less common, and before long is likely altogether to disappear. The world will be a good deal duller when it has lost its Pestalozzis.

BROWNING'S EARLY LIFE.

ROBERT BROWNING: PERSONALIA. By Edmund Gosse. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.

UNTIL a regular Life of Robert Browning appears—and it is earnestly to be wished that the work shall fall into the hands of some calm and penetrating

critic, who will endeavour to explain the causes which turned his second and best into his third and certainly least successful manner—such data as help us to understand the conditions under which his genius first blossomed are very welcome. Mr. Gosse gives us a few such data in this tasteful little book. It is very short, but it contains facts about the production of the earlier books, down to 1846, which Browning himself gave, and which hardly anyone knew till they were first published in 1881. The incident of the purchase for him by his mother, in 1825, when he was but thirteen, of all the works of Shelley and Keats, then procurable only from one bookseller, and all (except the "Cenci") in their first editions, is a pretty one, and helps us to realise the extraordinary neglect with which these two great men were treated by their contemporaries. Browning himself was to suffer in like manner till he had nearly reached his fiftieth year. It is in these data, communicated by the poet to Mr. Gosse, that the interest of the little book lies. The "Personal Impressions" are unobjectionable, a thing which in these days can seldom be said of "personal impressions," but are too slight to deserve reprinting.

CHURCH AND STATE.

HANDBOOKS FOR BIBLE CLASSES. Edited by Marcus Dods, D.D., and Alexander Whyte, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

CHURCH AND STATE: A HISTORICAL HANDBOOK. By A. Taylor Innes. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

MANUALS for Bible-classes are too frequently dry and unattractive in their presentation of facts, and severely one-sided in their treatment of disputable points. Dr. Dods and Dr. Whyte are doing their best to remove this reproach. They have provided the youth of Scotland with an excellent series of Handbooks, in which the results of much thought and study are set forth in good literary style. Dr. Dods has interpreted "Genesis" and the "Post-exilian Prophets"; Dr. Whyte's "Shorter Catechism" is an interesting link between the theology of the seventeenth century and the literature of our own day; Mr. Stalker contributes an excellent "Life of Christ," a volume which may be studied in conjunction with the "Gospel of St. Mark," as edited and annotated by Dr. Lindsay. The editors and their colleagues are all, if we mistake not, ministers or members of the Free Church of Scotland; but they are free from sectarian prejudice, and the scriptural volumes of this series are suited for general use in England as well as in Scotland.

In writing his Handbook of "Church and State," Mr. Taylor Innes has addressed himself, not to lads and girls, but to students of a riper age. Within the compass of two hundred and seventy pages he has given us a clear and, so far as we have tested it, an accurate summary of Church history, together with such explanations as are required to show the action and counter-action of Church and State. He points no party moral; all opinions are stated with equal fairness and moderation. Those of us who know Mr. Taylor Innes the politician, can discern him in the background, quietly watching the effect produced by his carefully marshalled facts. What then is the moral to be drawn, what are the principles to be evolved, from the long history of Church and State? If we attempt to sum up the doctrine of Mr. Taylor Innes's book, we shall find that the gist of the matter lies in the right definition of the terms we employ. Of these the widest is Society—a term which includes all the modes in which, and the purposes for which, the members of a community influence and assist one another.

The State is Society, organised for defence and government. Its functions are limited by the purposes for which it exists; its sphere is not co-extensive with social life; there must be room for social and individual action not controlled by the State. No political purpose is served by imposing one form of religious belief and worship on all the subjects of a State; the conscience of the individual and the teaching of the home are not within the sphere of law. At the same time, it would be quite incorrect to say that the State has nothing to do with religion. Statesmen and lawgivers are bound to take note of the beliefs which prevail among those for whom they legislate. They are especially bound to see that the sentiment of the majority—whether religious or secularist, clerical or anti-clerical—is not permitted to express itself in acts of injustice and oppression: the first duty of the State is to the minority. Has it any duty to the religious majority, beyond that of securing to its members freedom of worship, on equal terms with the minority? We take it that Mr. Taylor Innes would answer this question in the negative. The State is under no moral or religious duty to "maintain truth" by establishing religion; it is a merely political organisation; it has no conscience to which moral or religious arguments can be addressed. It is free to decide, on grounds of expediency and political justice, what it will do for religion, what use it will make of endowments under its control, historically appropriated to religious uses.

The Church is defined by Mr. Taylor Innes as "the Christian Society." As described in the New Testament, this Society has two aspects. It is an invisible or ideal Church, consisting of true believers, and of them only; it is also a visible Church, consisting of those who *profess* the true faith—a Society with rules and property of its own, and sure to find itself, sooner or later, in contact with the State. From the beginning, the visible Church was never exactly identical with the invisible; it included persons (Ananias, for example) who were not true believers; it excluded persons (the man casting out devils, whom the disciples rebuked, for example) who belonged to the true faith, although they lacked some of the signs of discipleship. Controversialists in all ages have claimed the attributes of the invisible Church for this or that section of the visible; but all such claims must be rejected. The Church may claim indestructible unity and Catholic authority; the Church of Rome, or the Church of England, or the Free Church of Scotland, is local, temporary, destructible. When we speak of the union of Church and State, we mean the union of a particular State with one of these local and temporary branches of the visible Church. The effect of such union is to confer on the branch in question the rights of an established Church. But what is meant by establishment? There was a time when the State established religion by using coercive action in support of it; but in England that time is past. The property of Nonconformist bodies is secured to them; their worship is protected; they erect an unmitred front in Courts and Cabinets. They have been established; or, if we prefer to say so, the Church has been disestablished. We now have to face the question, What is the best and fairest use to make of endowments acquired by the Church at the time when there was a real incorporating union between the Church of England and the English State? There remains the still more important question whether, and on what terms, the Church of England should pass out of the control of the State and become a self-governing body?

There is reason to fear that a good many British electors are but ill-prepared for the discussion of questions like these. Our middle classes are not, as a rule, keenly interested in Church matters; and the estrangement of masses of working people from the Churches keeps them ignorant of much which it concerns them to know. We can all appreciate the argument for religious equality, as it presents itself in Ireland or in Wales; but, when we come to England and Scotland, it is more difficult to induce politicians to act on clearly understood principles. In the present state of the public mind we must be content to wait. In England the political fight for religious equality has hardly begun; if we go on diffusing knowledge, and cultivating sound habits of

thought, the fight will be less bitter when it comes, and its results will be more secure. We welcome Mr. Taylor Innes's little book as a valuable contribution to the literature of the Church Question. He has given us a vast amount of information in a small compass, and he has shown us how to be cautious, and sympathetic, and fair in dealing with a subject which bristles with points of controversy.

ANGLO-INDIAN STORIES.

1. In Black and White. By Rudyard Kipling. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington.
2. The Subaltern, the Policeman, and the Little Girl. By Brownlow Fforde. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington. 1890.
3. The Trotter. By Brownlow Fforde. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington. 1890.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling may possibly, before his career is over, be amused by reading and comparing the different estimates of himself which have been formed at different times and published in different journals. The chorus of warm praise which welcomed him was followed by the calmer criticism of others who waited for the noisy "boom" to pass before they spoke with final decision. We may yet find a more general reaction and recantation, when Mr. Kipling will be told that he has written himself out, and that the recognition of genius in his books was after all too generous. Our literary gods are sometimes set up and overthrown within a very short time. In one year they are ahead of all competitors; the monthly magazines bid high for their work, the publishers seek after them. A few years pass, and they are struggling along in the ruck, not doing very badly or very brilliantly; and nobody speaks much of them, or remarks upon their genius. We do not prophesy this sad end to Mr. Kipling's career. There is audacity in his work, something of the divine carelessness which never aims and never misses the mark; his close study of the military, social, and native sides of Indian life shows some of that capacity for taking pains which is the other side of the paradox called genius. Independent of conventionalities, he gives us exactly the right word or phrase when mere talent would have been contented with something quite good enough for a short story. But in "Plain Tales from the Hills," and still more in Mr. Kipling's later work, we have noticed less admirable qualities. Every subject is a fair subject for genius; there are women who are not immoral, who are not even married flirts, who nevertheless possess sufficient individuality and character to make them worth study and description. Why do we meet them so rarely in Mr. Kipling's books? Genius may touch pitch and not be defiled, but why should it decide in consequence that it will never touch anything else? Surely such limitations are petty. Mr. Kipling is frequently flippant; there are many opinions about the demerits of flippancy; with many readers it attracts and seems bright at first, but repels upon a second reading. Lastly, some of the stories are exquisite and artistic; others show the most execrable taste. Inequality is a common mark of youth. We mention these points because it is not well for anyone to think he has already attained. Mr. Kipling has done so well that we think he might do better, and should be sorry to see him doing worse.

In the small volume before us, which has suggested the above remarks, the two most forcible and dramatic stories are "Dray wara yow dee" and "In Flood Time." The latter is told by the warden of the Barhwi Ford. In his younger days the warden had apparently been a little rough; in fact, he had been in intention a murderer. But he could tell a story well, and refused to be paid for his services. "Money? Nay, Sahib. I am not of that kind." This suggests Mr. Bret Harte's

> "Money?—not much;
> That ain't my kind."

The resemblance between the two authors is closer than could be argued from this chance similarity of expression. Both delight to portray the character which has the warmer vices but not the colder virtues, and is redeemed by the presence of the warmer virtues and a freedom from the colder vices. "Gemini" relies for its fun on the bad luck of one of twins. "The Sending of Dana Da" deals with the credulity of the Theosophists, and is really amusing. The introduction and dedication of the book are both delightful. But we could find passages in "Plain Tales from the Hills" which could not be matched by anything in "In Black and White."

Mr. Brownlow Fforde is more merciful than Mr. Rudyard Kipling to the mere ignorant English. Mr. Kipling uses Hindustani words or phrases freely, whenever his story requires it. Mr. Fforde makes a point of writing in English, and nothing but English. He will not even use such words as "bungalow" or "compound." He has many of Mr. Kipling's virtues. He writes with spirit, with delightful humour, with the same power of sketching a character briefly and vividly. He has more tenderness and geniality, but, perhaps, less individuality and strength.

"The Subaltern, the Policeman, and the Little Girl," is a love-story. The subaltern is in reality the hero of the book; he is a very good fellow, not particularly intellectual or accomplished. The policeman is an equally good fellow, and naturally they are both in love with Miss Robertson, the "little girl." Starting with this situation, Mr. Fforde has written a very interesting story. The account of the flood, and the incidents connected with it, is most graphic and amusing. The introduction of the married flirt is probably inevitable now in an Anglo-Indian story. We are a little tired of her. The conclusion is dramatic.

Of Mr. Fforde's two stories, we prefer "The Trotter." We should not like to say that this was quite an impossible story. Things are possible in India which are not possible here. But much of it is certainly farce, very good farce. At the commencement of the story the distinguished Orientalist and Globe-trotter, Mr. Samuel Abel, bringing with him letters of introduction, has arrived at Poona, in search of inscriptions to prove his contention that the "Edicts of King Asoka were no more than *brindisi*, or drinking songs, veiled cryptogrammatically, under the form of a religious proclamation." The Trotter is not popular in Poona society; he is tolerated for the sake of his host; and his host tolerates him because he is the kind of man that tolerates everybody who brings letters of introduction. It is arranged to play a practical joke upon the Trotter; but the practical joke fails mysteriously. At this time a series of burglaries take place in Poona; they are very clever burglaries, and evidently the work of a humorist, as he generally leaves behind him a caricature of the man he has robbed. There is really no mystery about the book; the identity of the Trotter and the burglar is clear from the first. Before he is discovered, he professes to have completed his investigation of King Asoka's Edicts:—

> "There is a translation of the cryptogram. It is undoubtedly a drinking song. I will read it to you. It runs:—
>
> "'I (or it may be we) refuse to return into the shelter of the dwellings which have been granted unto me (or us) until the elevation of the sun (surya) is proximate.'
>
> "This is repeated three times. There is a kind of refrain, but it is little more than a repetition, in point of sense, of the latter part. It is:—
>
> "'Until the gleams of a new day shall spread themselves athwart our vision.'"

One is not surprised that the Trotter found a singular parallel in "our modern dipsology." On the whole, the Trotter is the most clever, unscrupulous, and humorous villain that we have lately met in fiction. We have only sketched half the story. It abounds in exceedingly funny incidents and situations. It is interesting and amusing from beginning to end.

If these three books are fair samples of the Indian Railway Library, we can confidently recommend the series to travellers.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

A STUDY in Scottish life and character is as good a description as can be found for Mr. Mackay's "Sketch of the History of Fife and Kinross." The "sheriff of these counties," as the author quaintly styles himself on the title-page, regards the annals of Fife not so much as a subject for antiquarian research as a miniature picture of the affairs and people of Scotland. Mr. Mackay writes with knowledge as well as with enthusiasm; and as he also possesses a fair degree of historical imagination, the result is an attractive book, which helps to make the past live again in the thoughts of the reader of to-day. George Buchanan, that sturdy old historian who has been not inaptly termed the "first Whig," writing in 1582, says, "All the country between the Forth and the Tay grows narrow like a wedge eastwards, even to the sea, and it is called Fife, a district provided within its own bounds with all things necessary for the use of life." When Thomas Pennant made his famous "Tour in Scotland," towards the close of last century, he was greatly impressed with the prosperity of Fife, and left on record his opinion that it was a country fertile in soil, and abundant in cattle, and so populous that, "excepting the environs of London, scarce one in South Britain can vie with it." The history of Fife begins with the legends of the saints, and this half-mythical period ends with the great and noble figure of St. Margaret, wife of Malcolm Canmore. The manipulation of the legend of St. Andrew, Mr. Mackay hints, was probably the work of a patriotic Scottish monk; yet that the nation at a very early date accepted St. Andrew as its patron is not open to controversy; moreover, he has the distinction of being the "only saint whose day has survived all ecclesiastical change, and is observed of Protestants as well as Romanists." Many of the most stirring incidents in the history of Fife gather around the picturesque city of St. Andrews, with its dismantled castle, its ancient university, and its still more ancient cathedral. St. Andrews has been often called the Canterbury of Scotland, and for centuries it was not merely the ecclesiastical capital, but a seat of authority in the intellectual as well as the spiritual realm, and with it many great names in Church and State are linked. It is, perhaps, enough to mention the name of Cardinal Beaton in the long line of its masterful Churchmen, and Patrick Hamilton and George Wishart amongst its noble group of martyrs. John Knox preached his first sermon in St. Andrews; and there, too, the first passages in the tragedy of Mary Stuart were enacted. Mr. Mackay gives us, in passing, a pleasant glimpse of some distinguished men who visited Fife in the eighteenth century, notably Daniel Defoe and Samuel Johnson. The author of "Robinson Crusoe" was very complimentary to the place and the people; but the great lexicographer, as all the world knows, was very much the reverse. Thomas Carlyle and Edward Irving were friends and fellow-schoolmasters at Kirkcaldy in 1816, but the chief name associated with the town of Fife is that of Adam Smith. It is asserted in these pages that Fife and Aberdeenshire have together contributed more than any other districts to the history of Scotland; and with pardonable pride Mr. Mackay draws attention to the fact that Sir Walter Scott, in his dedication of the Waverley novels, paid the "folk of Fife" the compliment of special allusion.

Mr. Tait—one of the masters of Clifton College—has prepared for the use of students an "Analysis of English History" from A.D. 50 to the death in 1830 of George IV. The book is based on Green's "Short History of the English People." The arrangement of the volume is extremely clear, and it is possible at a glance to trace the landmarks of great campaigns and political struggles. By the use of two kinds of type, the principal facts are thrown into prominence; and though books of this sort lend themselves all too readily to the process familiarly known as "cramming," their value to more conscientious students is not open to dispute.

A cheap edition—the tenth, by the way—of Mrs. Lynn Linton's "True History of Joshua Davidson, Christian and Communist," has just appeared. The book in its new form, especially now that social questions are everywhere under discussion, ought to win a wide welcome. It is a vigorous and powerful impeachment of "conventional respectabilities," and it urges with singular force and beauty the plea that if Christ was right, modern Christianity is wrong.

A cheap little guide-book to "The Rhine and Rhineland," plentifully illustrated with woodcuts and maps, has just reached us, and in its two hundred pages information will be found on almost everything of interest and importance to the tourist in that picturesque region. The chief objects of attraction in the various cities and towns are duly enumerated, and the famous cathedrals and castles on the banks of the river are also described. In each city and town particulars are given concerning hotel accommodation, prices, etc.; and another admirable feature consists in accounts of walks and excursions in the neighbourhood of the principal halting-places. Hints for a tour of a fortnight are given, whilst those who are able to linger for a month are shown how to turn such a period of leisure to advantage.

As the crow flies, Swanage is only about seven miles from Bournemouth, but hardly any greater contrast could be imagined than that which exists between the two places. Bournemouth has a climate which suggests Madeira, and is full of luxurious hotels which attract the fashionable crowd. Swanage, on the contrary, has a bracing climate which Charles Kingsley used to extol, but the place itself in spite of its picturesque surroundings is still sleepy, primitive, and unspoilt by the enterprise of the speculating builder. How long this state of things will continue we should not like to predict; indeed, this summer there has been a stir in the streets of this marine Sleepy Hollow, which seems the precursor of a change. The railway, moreover, has at length touched the town, and in due course the crowd will follow, though we do not imagine that Swanage will ever become a serious rival of Eastbourne and Folkestone, much less of Hastings and Brighton. The chief value of this handbook consists, in our judgment, in the admirable reproduction of a number of photographs of the district, and in the clear account which is given of the characteristics of the neighbourhood. Dr. Forbes Winslow contributes to the book a paper on "Swanage as a Health Resort," and strongly recommends the place, not only to persons afflicted with pulmonary disorders, but as the coolest summer residence on the south coast. The winters are mild, and not once in ten years is the ice of greater thickness than half a crown; whilst glorious walks may be had along the cliffs to Durlston Head, Peverel Point, Filly Whim, and Seacombe Cliff.

English lads, or at all events the majority of them, have always been distinguished by a love of "athletic sports," and therefore it is somewhat surprising that, with one notable exception, there has hitherto been no systematic attempt to furnish hand-books at all worthy of the chief national pastimes. The avowed object of the present series is to give in concise form a clear description of each game, with practical instructions and hints likely to prove serviceable both to the beginner and to the more advanced player. Wherever an authorised code of laws is in existence, it is duly cited, and no pains have been spared to expound the theory and to illustrate the practice of the games concerned. It is proposed to cover the whole field of athletic sports in four volumes, and in this opening instalment cricket, tennis, rackets, fives, golf, and hockey are dealt with by such recognised experts as Mr. Lyttelton of Haileybury College, Mr. Julian Marshall of tennis fame, Mr. Tait of Charterhouse School, Mr. Linskill of Cambridge University Golf Club, and Mr. Frank Creswell the well-known authority on hockey. It is recognised in these chapters that games must be learnt by practice rather than from books, but it is also urged that practice without proper guidance is often worse than useless. Many a young player spends fruitless hours in vain attempts to surmount some difficulty, when a word of counsel from an older player, who has already gone through a similar experience, might have put him on the right track at once; and this is really one of the chief objects which the present series seeks to achieve.

* A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF FIFE AND KINROSS. By Æ. J. G. Mackay. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. Crown 8vo.

ANALYSIS OF ENGLISH HISTORY. By C. W. A. Tait, M.A., Assistant Master in Clifton College. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Crown 8vo.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF JOSHUA DAVIDSON, CHRISTIAN AND COMMUNIST. By E. Lynn Linton. Tenth Edition. London: Methuen & Co., Bury Street, W.C. Crown 8vo. (1s.)

ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO THE RHINE AND THE RHINELAND. Maps and Illustrations. London, New York and Melbourne: Ward, Lock & Co. 12mo. (1s.)

SWANAGE: ITS HISTORY, RESOURCES AS A HEALTH RESORT, BOTANY, AND GEOLOGY. Edited by John Braye. Illustrated. London: W. H. Everett & Son, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, E.C. Demy 8vo. (1s.)

HANDBOOK OF ATHLETIC SPORTS. Edited by Ernest Bell, M.A. Vol. I. Illustrated. London: George Bell & Sons, York Street, Covent Garden, W.C. Crown 8vo. (5s.)

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1890.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

MR. BALFOUR has been on a visit to the Queen at Balmoral. We wonder whether he was able to tell Her Majesty that he has succeeded in coming to an agreement with MR. PARNELL regarding the main features of his Land Bill. It is known to the initiated that such an agreement is not impossible. Nay, it is said further that MR. BALFOUR has been so far convinced of the hopelessness of any renewed attempt to pass the Bill of last Session, that he is now bent upon taking counsel, not with MR. PARNELL alone, but with MR. GLADSTONE. If this story be true, it will redound more to MR. BALFOUR'S credit—we mean to his credit for common sense and statesmanlike sagacity—than anything else he has yet done at the Irish Office. But what a pity it is that all these years since 1885 should have been wasted by LORD SALISBURY'S refusal to take the very step which MR. BALFOUR is believed to be meditating! No doubt the agreement at which he is endeavouring to arrive with MR. PARNELL has reference only to the Land Question; but to dispose of that question will be to remove the chief difficulty in the way of Home Rule.

LORD HARTINGTON'S speech at York on Wednesday evening was not a political manifesto, but it was distinctly a cry of despair. The main point in his remarks was the fact of the paralysis of Parliament—a paralysis which he attributes in the first place to the presence in the House of the Irish members. But LORD HARTINGTON sorrowfully admits that the country does not agree with him as to the gravity of this question, and he himself has no remedy to propose for an evil which threatens to destroy Parliamentary institutions. Was ever a victory won by a leader who fought with despair in his heart? We cannot wonder at the impatience of those Liberal Unionists who still believe, as the French Imperialists did on the eve of Sedan, that "all can yet be regained," at the action of a chief who calmly tells them that public opinion is not in agreement with him on the chief question of the times, and who exhorts his followers to organise themselves, with a solemnity of tone which suggests an undertaker arranging a funeral procession.

IT is interesting to observe that LORD HARTINGTON'S speech was delivered at a meeting held to celebrate the "inauguration" of a Liberal Unionist Federation for Yorkshire, and that LORD HARTINGTON himself expressed some surprise at the strength of the opinion expressed in the West Riding in 1886 in favour of Home Rule. It will be remembered that in no other part of England was the Home Rule policy so triumphantly supported at the polls as in the West Riding. It was the only part of England in which the position of the Liberals was positively better in 1886 than it had been in 1885. Remembering this fact, we may well ask with what object a Liberal Unionist Federation has been formed in Yorkshire. No Liberal Unionist in that part of the country deludes himself with the idea that his party is growing in strength. There have been innumerable cases of a return to the Liberal party on the part of men who withdrew from it in 1886; but there have not been in all the West Riding a dozen cases of the opposite kind—cases in which men who voted for Home Rule in 1886 have since pronounced against it. To establish an Anti-Home-Rule Federation in these circumstances seems rather hopeless work.

THIS is a week of Conferences. The many important unions and associations whose work cannot command the public attention whilst Parliament is sitting, take the opportunity which the temporary suspension of political interest offers, in order to meet for discussion. So, during the present week, we have had the British Association at Leeds; the Trades Union Congress at Liverpool; the Pharmaceutical Association at Leeds; the Welsh National Eisteddfod at Bangor; and the Association for the Reform of International Law at Liverpool. The general result of the holding of so many conferences at the same time is that the papers are almost as full of speeches as in the midst of the Parliamentary Session. Fortunately for everybody the speeches are, in almost every case, non-political.

AT the British Association the President, SIR FREDERICK ABEL, delivered the usual introductory address. As might have been expected from the special line of scientific work in which SIR FREDERICK ABEL is engaged, his address was largely occupied with the question of the relative merits of explosives of different kinds for purposes of war. Smokeless gunpowder, gun-cotton, nitro-glycerine, and melinite, which SIR FREDERICK ABEL believes to be a preparation of picric acid, were all discussed at what must have been somewhat wearisome length for a non-belligerent audience. But SIR FREDERICK had other subjects to present to the members of the Association besides these warlike topics. He told a wonderful tale of the progress of electrical research, of the great changes which are taking place in English manufactures through the extension of the system of modifying metals by the use of alloys, and of the light which science has thrown upon the causes and possible prevention of explosions in coal-mines.

THE warlike topics which were hardly in place at Leeds would have seemed thoroughly suitable at Liverpool. From the first sitting of the Trades Union Congress onwards, it was clear that a belligerent spirit possessed many of the members. We had been warned that a struggle would take place between the old and new parties in the Congress. There are always, we suppose, old and new parties in every movement; and nothing is more surprising than the rapidity with which the new party of one epoch becomes the old party of another. To-day MR. JOHN BURNS and the London representatives of unskilled labour, and organisation on a semi-Socialistic basis, are the "new" men; and they belabour MR. BROADHURST and the "old" party with a vigour which might have been better employed against the common enemies of their order.

WE are not disposed to pass harsh judgment upon speeches the motives of which are doubtless excellent. It is far better that these representatives of the working classes should learn, by actual discussion among themselves, what the opinion of different sections of the industrial population is. A

battle on the eight hours question between the old Trades Unionists on the one hand, and the new Trades Unionists on the other, is far more likely to have wholesome and lasting results than the *ex cathedrâ* lectures of political economists and professors. It is true that by a narrow majority the Congress yielded to the cries of that section which believes that our working men must look to Parliament for the solution of all their difficulties—a doctrine which the sturdy men who created Trades Unionism in this country would have treated with scorn. But it is impossible not to admire the spirit in which the contest between the two sides was waged. Nor do we doubt that when the two parties come to close quarters, there will be a similar freedom from revolutionary tumult in their discussion of a great economic question.

THAT the forcible intervention of the State for the purpose of limiting the hours of adult male labour is an economic error, most men of intelligence believe. But the temptations attached to a proposal like that laid before the Liverpool Congress are so strong, and so numerous, that the wonder is that working men have so long been able to resist them. We regret that they have yielded at last; but we cannot see in this decision of the labour delegates any reason for the alarm so loudly expressed in some quarters. It is something, no doubt, for the "new" Unionists to have captured the Trades Union Congress; but the battle of the Eight Hours Bill has still to be fought.

THE German Emperor has been celebrating the anniversary of Sedan by holding a great naval review in which Austrian as well as German ships of war have taken part. The fleet which the Emperor thus had under his command was a formidable one, and marks the progress made by Germany in her naval armaments since 1870. In the meantime French publicists look on with a certain stolid indifference, which is not far removed from contempt, at these demonstrations in honour of a day which inflicted so terrible a blow on France. It would be interesting to have a plain statement of the amount of money expended in the two countries since 1870 on the army, the navy, and the national defences. It would be still more interesting to have an accurate and comprehensive comparison of the warlike strength of the two nations. That, however, no man can give us. SIR CHARLES DILKE probably knows as much about it as anybody does; but even SIR CHARLES DILKE cannot give us the key to a problem which could only be solved upon the field of battle.

PRINCE BISMARCK seems determined that the world shall not remain in ignorance of his real character. At the moment when we are being invited to look on at the disrobing of that mock hero of the circus, GENERAL BOULANGER, we are also being bidden to learn afresh "how very small the very great are," by a full revelation of the nature of the ex-German Chancellor. His latest explanation is to the effect that one of his many "resignations" during the reign of WILLIAM THE FIRST was a mere trick, arranged beforehand between himself and the Emperor, for the purpose of inducing the Federal Council to take a certain course to which it was opposed. He lets us into this precious secret of statecraft, in order that he may explain why on that particular occasion the Emperor refused his resignation in somewhat cold and formal terms. Would it be possible to induce PRINCE BISMARCK, now that he has begun to talk so freely, to tell us the truth about his persecution of COUNT ARNIM? There are many stains upon the ex-Chancellor's career, but none so black as that. If he has anything to say in his own defence, it were well that he said it now, when he is going far beyond the lengths to which COUNT ARNIM went.

THE Census Commissioner in the United States is doing his work admirably. Week by week he is issuing from the press a *Census Bulletin*, in which those returns that are already completed are given; so that the public are not required to wait for months, or even years, before the result of the census is made known. The latest copy of the *Bulletin* was published on August 20th, and it deals exclusively with the manufacture of pig-iron. It brings to light the startling fact that in the year ending last spring the production of pig-iron in the United States was 9,579,779 tons, against 3,781,021 tons in 1880, and 2,052,821 tons in 1870. MR. PORTER, the Superintendent of the Census, does not confine himself absolutely to dry figures. He prefaces each report with some comments of his own. With regard to the pig-iron tables, he declares that the United States will soon—possibly, during the present year—become the leading producer of pig-iron in the world. Here is something for the Iron and Steel Institute to take into consideration during their forthcoming visit to America.

THE Stock Markets have been well maintained this week, and in many departments prices are higher. Yet there has been little increase in the amount of business done. The great operators are holiday-making, and the public is neither investing nor speculating to a large extent. Consequently the markets are under the control of members of the Stock Exchange, and the few professional operators who are still in the City. The price of silver has slightly risen this week, and the speculation in rupee paper and other silver securities continues. Home railway stocks, however, have been more neglected than for some weeks past, although the traffic returns are again exceedingly good, and all the evidence points to steady improvement in trade. The American department is lifeless, and prices are rather lower. In spite of greater ease in the New York Money Market, operators there do not appear to be dealing upon a large scale. The crops all over the United States are disappointing, and the labour troubles no doubt affect the market. On the other hand, there is a distinct improvement in international securities, in diamond, gold, and land shares. The price of French three per cent. Rentes is higher than it ever has been before, and nearly all high-class securities dealt in on the Paris Bourse are at extraordinarily high quotations.

THE Money Market has been very easy all through the week. The rate of discount in the Open Market for three months' bank bills has been about $3\frac{1}{4}$ to $3\frac{3}{8}$ per cent., and the rate of interest for short loans has ranged from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 per cent. The Bank of England, during the week ended Wednesday night, received from abroad nearly a quarter of a million sterling in gold; and although small amounts of the metal have been sent to South America, it is now hoped that so much will not be taken as at one time was apprehended, and consequently that there will not be a serious drain upon the Bank's reserve. In New York, too, the stringency seems to be coming to an end. The Secretary of the Treasury in the past month redeemed over four millions sterling of public debt, and this week he has given notice that he is prepared to redeem an equal amount on the same terms. The transfer of so much money from the Treasury to the market ought to produce much ease. The Paris Money Market is likewise very easy. Not only does the Bank of France hold an enormous amount of coin and bullion, but the Treasury has redeemed over three millions sterling of bills, which has largely increased the supply in the market. Bill brokers and discount houses therefore argue that the coming autumn will be easier all over the world than the past two or three autumns, and they are speculating for the fall.

TO-DAY AND TWENTY YEARS AGO.

IT is twenty years ago almost to the day since Europe witnessed the culminating episode in the great drama of the century. Beside Sedan and its wondrous catastrophe even the absorbing interest of Waterloo must pale. The star of the first Napoleon had been waning long before it set for ever on that fateful June day. His nephew, to the eye of the careless observer—that is of the average man of the world—seemed at the height of his power and his glory when he set forth from Paris to join his troops, less than six weeks before he was crushed in the bloody trap of Sedan. To anyone who had attained manhood in 1870 it must seem as though it were but yesterday when in those bright September days we were all palpitating with wonder and excitement as the different episodes of that astounding tragedy were played in quick succession before our eyes. Books and magazines, sport and travel, social gossip and amusement, were all forgotten in the absorbing interest of a spectacle, the like of which no man living had seen before. Close at our doors raged the greatest war of the century. How could men think of anything else whilst two nations were locked in a death-grapple on the plains of Alsace and Lorraine; whilst the man who had once been dictator of Europe fell an abject captive into the hands of a foe he had long despised; whilst an empire went down like a house of cards, and the fairest city of the Continent was suddenly beleaguered by an irresistible enemy? It was a year of strange portents in the heavens, when for weeks at a stretch the midnight sky glowed with an unearthly lustre, and the tint of blood was in the very air we breathed. It was a year of sore trouble in many an English home, when the most powerful of our warships sank suddenly in an Atlantic gale, and hundreds of brave men went with her to a useless fate. Little wonder was it that to many of us it seemed to be the year in which above all other years "God's terrible voice" was heard pealing through the thunder of battle and the crash of doomed cities, even as it was heard by His chosen people of old in the days of the Pharaohs.

Even the lapse of twenty years cannot quite subdue the thrill with which men recall the tragedy of 1870, and that highest point of dramatic interest which it attained in the first week of September. But twenty years is a long space in the individual life, and not quite an insignificant one in the lives of nations. To-day as we look back upon the "Sedan week" of 1870, and contrast it with the week which is just closing, one cannot fail to be struck by many things. Perhaps the first reflection that occurs is, that everything has turned out differently from the confident anticipations which were then entertained. The peace which followed the conquest of France was to be a mere truce, and at the end of a dozen years, at most, France and Germany were once more to try their strength upon the battle-field. Everywhere it was assumed that France would be the aggressor; that her thirst for vengeance could never be slaked until her armies had crossed the Rhine. Twenty years have passed, not only without war, but without warlike demonstrations on the part of France. We have had war-scares, it is true; but in every case they have come from Berlin, and without exception they have come at the moment when Prince Bismarck was anxious to increase the German army. That France is immeasurably stronger than she was in 1870 is known to every expert. But her energies have been chiefly devoted to defensive works. It is in fortifications that she has poured out her treasure like water. Her rulers have been resolved that never again shall her soil be defiled by the footstep of an invader. This, and not foreign conquest, or even the avengement of Sedan, is what she has striven for during these twenty years; and to-day no sane man will accuse the French of being warlike in their policy or disposition. The Republican Government in France, in spite of all the prophecies heard in 1870, has lasted. Its founders and leaders have made mistakes; more than once the Republic itself has been in danger. But it has weathered successive storms, and is stronger to-day than at any previous period in its history. So another of the confident predictions of 1870 has been falsified.

As for the general state of Europe, the real danger at this moment lies not in the relations of France with Germany, but in those bloated armaments which are the curse of the Continent. Year after year the burden laid upon the peoples of Europe has grown; and each year it has seemed that the utmost limit of endurance had been reached, that not another shilling or another man could be wrung from the populations already so heavily taxed. Yet still the work goes on. How much longer will it last? And what will the end be? Either war or general disarmament must, in course of time, be the outcome of a system which has converted Europe into a camp. We have referred to the loss of the *Captain* in 1870. There is a moral in that tale for the rulers of Europe. The builders of the *Captain*, wishing to create the most powerful war-vessel in the world, piled armour upon her until she literally sank beneath the load.

But let us turn from these questions of international politics to the broader lessons which may be learned from a survey of the last twenty years of European history. Little as he dreamt it, little as he desired it, on the day when Prince Bismarck, with the aid of the Empress of the French, plunged France and Germany into war, he unlocked the fetters of the democracy and opened a new era in the history of Europe. With the fall of Napoleon the Third the cause of advanced Liberalism gained its greatest triumph, and not in France alone. Paris became the head-quarters of the great army of social democrats, and but for one fatal error committed by those who were in the van of that army, the cause of social democracy would now have advanced even further than it has done. If the rising of the Communists had not taken place, or if that rising had been free from the horrible excesses which affrighted Europe, our Trades Unionists at Liverpool would this week have been discussing a very different programme from that which has actually engaged their attention. It is strange to reflect that whilst Prince Bismarck, by the war of 1870, removed the fetters from the democratic party throughout Europe, the Communists of Paris, by their follies and their crimes, placed the democratic cause once more at the mercy of its enemies. There is a lesson to be learned here which is not unneeded at the present moment, when many men seem anxious to take short cuts to the ends at which most of us aim.

The one great fact which stands out in startling pre-eminence, as we compare to-day with 1870, is this growth of the democracy in power and organisation. There is, let it be remembered, real significance in the fact that in this country 1870 witnessed the birth of a national system of education. The Providence which has so long watched over England was surely at work then in rescuing us from our curse of ignorance at the very moment when knowledge had become most necessary. Nor is this the only cheering fact which meets the eye as it rapidly surveys the story of the world since 1870. In England we are advancing too fast, as some people imagine; but we are advancing not by leaps and bounds, not by violence or craft, but steadily as the

tide flows in a summer sea. There are many of us who differ from some of the speeches which have been heard at Liverpool within the last few days; but there is no one who can truthfully say that those speeches, as a whole, have been of such a character as to justify any feeling of alarm regarding the future of England. Social reform is being dealt with here, at all events, in a spirit of rational sobriety. Our "new masters" are already recognising the truth that absolute power is vested no more in a class than in a man, that even "triumphant democracy" must own and submit to the supreme reign of law. And throughout Europe also the whole outlook is hopeful. The progress of the nations is in the main a sober and orderly progress, and though some timid souls may be affrighted by any prospect of change, the great majority of men feel that they can look forward with confidence and hope to the growth and development of those great forces which were born upon the battle-fields of 1870. Indeed, as we recall all that has happened since the close of the great war, including even "the mad fool-fury of the Seine," we cannot but feel how great has been the advance in liberty, in enlightenment, in material comfort, aye, and in the general respect for order, since those days in which the wiles of a crafty statesman and an ambitious woman wrapped Europe in flames; and, looking back, we may admit also that this change for the better could hardly have happened if there had been no war in 1870.

LORD HARTINGTON'S DILEMMA.

THERE is nothing in Lord Hartington's speech at York to satisfy those who have been imploring him to say something to raise the depressed spirits of his party. The leader of the Liberal Unionists is more honest than imaginative. He cannot delude himself with the notion that victory will attend his arms in the next great battle, nor can he persuade himself that it is his duty to encourage this delusion on the part of his followers. So the despairing prayers which have been addressed to him remain unanswered, and the speech at York is uncompromisingly pessimistic in its tone. We can commend it on this ground, though we fear that no other commendation is possible. Its statement of the Liberal Unionist position—"a firm determination to resist revolution and at the same time to extend to Ireland, as to every part of Her Majesty's dominions, every measure of justice and conciliation which reason can demand"—is nothing but an empty phrase. True, it is quite open to Lord Hartington to speak of any scheme of Home Rule as "revolutionary," just as the men who are now Lord Hartington's allies spoke a few years ago of the abolition of purchase in the army as a revolution. The word means nothing in the mouth of a political disputant. But when it is accompanied, as in this case, by the solemn promise to give to Ireland "every measure of justice and conciliation which reason can demand," its value becomes a *minus* quantity. Lord Hartington's party has now been in office for more than four years. It has during that time had the command of a powerful and united majority in the House of Commons, and practically of an undivided House of Lords. It has *not* been hindered by obstruction in any single matter upon which its members were agreed among themselves. It has been able, for example, not only to legalise any amount of coercion it pleased, but to carry measures which were in very truth revolutionary—unprecedented measures—for the purpose of discrediting its political opponents, such as the Parnell Commission Bill. Yet during the whole of these four years what measure of "justice and conciliation" has it even attempted to carry for the benefit of the Irish people? The Land Bill, we need hardly say, cannot be taken into account. The Ministry responsible for it deliberately wrecked it; and even if it had become law it would not have been regarded by the Irish people generally as a measure of justice or conciliation. Why, then, should Lord Hartington make this foolish boast of the determination of himself and his allies to give Ireland the same measures of conciliation that they have given to other parts of the country? His sentiments are unimpeachably fine, but where is there a single grain of fact to give them reality? All that the country knows is that this Parliament, of which Lord Hartington is, in reality, the most powerful member, because in it he holds the balance, has given Ireland a great deal of coercion, has inflicted both upon the country and upon its representatives an intolerable amount of injustice, but has never raised a finger to carry those measures of "justice and conciliation" about which the Liberal Unionist leaders are still content to prate.

But it is not only in the absolute emptiness of the political creed which he professes that Lord Hartington shows his sense of his own defeat. In plain words he admits that the case of the Liberal Unionists is a hopeless one, when he declares that the main evil of the time is the degradation of the House of Commons, and yet confesses that the country cannot be made to feel this. When a political leader tells his followers that he cannot get the country to see with him on the most important political question of the day, he virtually throws up the sponge. There is nothing left for him but to accept the defeat which he admits to be inevitable. It is true that Lord Hartington declares his determination to die fighting; it is true also that he does what he can to damage his opponents, even whilst he is falling before them. We do not complain of him because of this. We can even admire the "pluck" on his part which it indicates; but none the less does it strengthen the conviction that the defeated leader is conscious of his own defeat, and of his impending doom.

As to the general merits of this question of the degradation of the House of Commons by obstruction, we have said so much already that we need hardly discuss it further here. Lord Hartington seems to think, indeed, that he has made a great point when he quotes from Sir William Harcourt a confession that in this Parliament the Opposition have obstructed two things—the extension of coercion, and compensation to the publicans. But in his heart of hearts nobody can know better than Lord Hartington that in obstructing both of these things the Opposition was only doing its duty, was only obeying the "mandate" it had received from the electors. About coercion, indeed, there cannot be any doubt. Mr. Gladstone and his followers went to the House of Commons avowedly to prevent the continuance of coercion in Ireland, and they would have failed in their duty if they had neglected the means which the forms of Parliament afforded them of carrying out this policy. As for the Publicans' Compensation Bill, surely it is manifest to everybody that in that case the obstruction began outside the walls of Parliament, and that in attacking the Bill in the House the Opposition was merely giving effect to an irresistible movement of popular opinion. But it is needless to discuss these questions, seeing that Lord Hartington himself says that the public will not interest itself in them—will not, in short, believe that when a Ministry breaks down and comes to such utter grief as the Tory Ministry

has come to, the whole blame is to be laid upon the heads of its opponents. To believe this would, indeed, be as absurd as to echo Lord Hartington's strange complaint that Sir William Harcourt, instead of condoling with Ministers on their discomfiture, positively exulted over them. If Sir William had acted as Lord Hartington seems to think he should have done, what allusions we should have had in the Unionist papers to crocodiles' tears and pretended regrets!

There is, however, one point in Lord Hartington's speech which is well worthy of consideration by the members of all political parties. We refer to the passage in which he tries to explain why the Liberal leaders finally accepted Home Rule. It was not, he declares, because they thought that Home Rule would be good for Ireland—an assumption on his part as offensive as it is gratuitous—but because they saw that the House of Commons could never do its work efficiently whilst there was in it a party like Mr. Parnell's, openly opposing and obstructing every measure of the Government. Let us for a moment look at this statement as though it were not only the truth but the whole truth, and what do we gather from it? In the first place, if this was the reason which led the Liberal leaders to sacrifice their immediate political prospects by adopting Home Rule, if it was this desire on their part to remove a fatal cause of weakness from the House of Commons, how can these men be charged in the same breath with being in a conspiracy to degrade and destroy that House? Again, if, as Lord Hartington admits, things are and must be intolerable in Parliament whilst there is an aggressive Irish party within it, bent upon fighting England with the weapons of Parliamentary procedure, how do the Liberal Unionists propose to meet so grave a national danger? "I would never submit," says Lord Hartington, in a spirit not unworthy of Mrs. Partington herself. But if a man will not submit to an evil so great and imminent as that which Lord Hartington describes, he is bound to take some active measures for the purpose of combating it. Mere words like these declarations of a determination not to yield, are no more than the mop of Mrs. Partington, and will be just as powerful as that weapon was against the advancing Atlantic. Two courses, and two only, are open to a statesman in dealing with this problem. Ireland may be disfranchised, and the House of Commons freed from an intolerable incubus by the frank acknowledgment that force, and nothing but force, modified by the Englishman's personal sense of justice, shall be applied to the government of a discontented people. Or, a wise attempt may be made to satisfy the legitimate grievances of Ireland, and to establish peace and good-will between the two countries on the basis of an agreement safe and honourable to both. The latter is the course which Mr. Gladstone and his party are trying to induce the country to adopt. It is also the course which Lord Hartington denounces as revolutionary. Is he, then, prepared to recommend to the electors of Great Britain the only other mode of relieving Parliament of this paralysis of Irish obstruction?

THE LICENSING SESSIONS.

CONSIDERING the extreme prominence into which the Local Taxation Bill of last Session forced the whole licensing question, and considering the extent to which the powers and methods of the justices have been in controversy, it is curious that so little general interest should have been aroused by the annual licensing sessions which are now almost completed. Politicians have been taught of late to study object-lessons rather than abstract principles, yet here we have an almost entirely neglected opportunity of applying a practical test to the much-vexed questions of the desirability of relieving the justices of their licensing duties, and of the extent to which by law and by practice a licensee has a right to the annual renewal of his licence. Even the local interest does not seem to have been increased by the urgency of the question, even if, indeed, it has not upon the whole diminished. So far as the tedious perusal of a multitude of newspaper reports has carried our information, in Manchester alone have the licensing justices been called upon to deal with any application upon which public opinion was strongly aroused. A London syndicate has been erecting a Palace of Varieties, having discovered in their wisdom what the people of Manchester had not been able to discover for themselves, that the number of the existing music-halls was below the requirements of the city. The promoters were warned at the outset that there would be vehement opposition to their application for the licence, which as they maintained, and no doubt with truth, would be essential to the success of their enterprise. The threat was fulfilled. Directly notice was given of the intended application, a very considerable agitation was arrayed against it, an agitation to which, in a curiously cautious letter, the Bishop of Manchester gave in his adhesion. The proprietors of the music-hall, however, recognised the hopelessness of their application, and withdrew it, covering their retreat with the statement of their intention to make another attempt when their building is complete, and they can appeal to the sensitive dislike of every Englishman to condemn capital to perpetual barrenness. But, except at Manchester, there has been no special manifestation of interest, although in many instances the justices have been compelled to listen to the customary harangues of temperance deputations, and one eloquent gentleman at Leeds has appealed to every father's heart on the bench against an application for a licence for the new cricket-ground. One of the reasons, no doubt, for the local indifference is the current belief that the days of the present licensing authority are numbered, and the temperance party is saving its strength in order that it may take the fullest advantage of a new *régime*. General interest is all but impossible when the difficulty of estimating the general effect is so great. A Parliamentary return, published promptly upon the close of the annual sessions, and showing the net effect of the justices' work, would be very valuable. But whatever the reasons for the lack of public interest, and whether or not owing to its absence, it is perfectly clear that the licensing justices, in spite of the agitation in the spring, in spite of the debates in Parliament, and in spite of the decisions in the law courts, have quietly adhered to their accustomed principles and methods.

The principle upon which the justices act in practically all the great towns is never to grant a new licence and never to refuse the renewal of an existing licence. So far as we have ascertained, this principle has in the main been faithfully followed. Neither at Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, nor Leeds, has a single new licence been granted, except in the case of the Leeds cricket-ground. In this respect local option is in operation already, for there can be little doubt that the pressure of public opinion has compelled the justices to abstain from issuing new licences; and throughout the country this rule varies in stringency according to the strength of public opinion. The justices are accustomed to base upon this ground the defence of their licensing administration. The Mayor of Leeds answered a temperance deputation by pointing out that in 1853

there were 373 public-houses in the town, while this year, although the population has doubled, the number is only 355. Figures less striking, but with a similar purport, might be adduced with regard to most of the great towns. But it must be remembered that there are more ways of increasing the facilities of the liquor traffic than by granting new licences. In Birmingham, for example, though no new licence was granted, the licences of two obscure and deserted public-houses were transferred, one to a great hotel, and the other to large premises in the suburbs. This shuffling of the cards takes place everywhere. Indeed, the accepted manner of procuring a licence in a large town is by buying up that of some little house which an improvement scheme or a railway extension has doomed, and by applying to the magistrates for its transfer. If instead of reckoning the number of licensed houses the justices were to estimate their rateable value, or—an even more practical test—their length of counter accommodation, they would find that the facilities for drinking have not diminished even in proportion to the population. In the large towns which are less than great, the justices are far more amenable to the persuasion of applicants for new licences. Preston may be taken as a typical example. The Chief Constable reported to the Licensing Committee that the number of public-houses in the town—there is one to every 205 inhabitants—was greatly in excess of its requirements, and that during the year there had been thirty-five convictions of publicans. Nevertheless all the old licences were renewed with the exception of a single off-licence; and two new full licences and several new off-licences were granted. But on the whole, although in some cases the authorities are terribly lax, it may be asserted that, so far as the issue of new licences is concerned, no serious charge can now be maintained against the justices. The number of licences is far too large, but under the present *régime* the public requirements might in time creep up to the full extent of the supply. The question is whether the nation can afford to wait.

The process might, of course, be hurried by the more rigorous treatment of applications for renewals. The justices have now full knowledge of the extent of their powers. A great controversy has ended in the silence, if not in the conviction, of those who asserted that a publican had a vested right to the renewal of his licence. The great case of "Sharp *v.* Wakefield," though by no means all that temperance fancy has painted it, undoubtedly enlarged the powers of the licensing justices. Yet this year less has been done than ever. It is too soon to speak conclusively, for the adjourned sessions have still to be held, and in many cases the "black list" will not until then come under review; but we confidently hazard the prophecy that it will be found that there have been fewer refusals of renewals than for many years. In Birmingham, one publican only—and he had been convicted of supplying drink to drunken persons, and there were six other houses within a hundred yards of his own—has been refused a renewal, only, no doubt, to regain it if he takes advantage of his preposterous right of appeal to the county quarter sessions. But we search the reports of the sessions in the great towns in vain for a single similar case, although almost everywhere the black list has been ominously long. Two renewals were refused at Salford, but only upon the extreme ground that the premises were no longer used for the purpose for which the licences were granted. There are no doubt other isolated cases here and there—the Hampshire justices have notified their intention, the legality of which we should be glad to see finally tested, of refusing the renewal of all licences in excess of the requirements of their locality—but as a rule the justices have persistently adhered to their policy of treating the claim to renewal as a vested right, only to be forfeited by the very gravest misconduct. They have of course many difficulties to contend with. At Altrincham, the justices desired to refuse renewals to three beer-houses which had actually been closed for some time; but as the houses had been licensed continuously since 1869, they had no power, unless misconduct was proved against the licence-holder. Probably the great majority of beer-houses are in this independent and anomalous position. But after allowing for all difficulties, it must be asserted that the result of this year's licensing sessions adds another proof to the cogent evidence which supports the charge that the magistrates, by the laxity with which they have interpreted and administered the law, have suffered to grow up a spurious interest of vast extent, which it is impossible to ignore, and which opposes a tremendous obstacle to all temperance reform. There is one more matter upon which we will touch. We are amazed at the extent to which the justices openly countenance the vicious "tied-house" system. That system is altogether abominable. It has not been recognised by the law, and is still of doubtful legality; it forces down the throat of the public liquors which would stand no chance of consumption under a system of free trade; and it deprives of their effect the precautions which the law had taken for the orderly conduct of licensed houses. The law contemplated that a licence-holder should risk his whole property, and not merely a situation at a pound a week, if he broke the conditions on which the licence was granted. But it is now clear that the system also annuls the penal clauses of the Licensing Acts. A licensee has been convicted of flagrant misconduct, which would justify the magistrates in refusing a renewal, but the owner of the house is allowed to appear, and he promises the magistrates that the offender shall be dismissed, and the licence transferred to a new manager, and the magistrates say, "Very well," and grant a renewal. The owners being able by this cheap and easy method to escape from all the consequences of a conviction, the law has no terrors for them, and they take no pains to suppress practices which, so long as they remain undetected, bring grist to their mill.

A POOR LAW COUNCIL FOR LONDON.

An admirable report just issued by the Whitechapel Board of Guardians recalls the urgent necessity for the reform of London's Poor Law administration. The whole system of Poor Law relief needs, indeed, the careful attention of Liberal politicians. Wide schemes of more democratic provision for our poorer citizens are in the air, and Mr. John Morley's great speech at the Eighty Club dinner in November last shows how far this new outburst of social compunction has already travelled. But Poor Law Reform of this nature is a great and intricate question, and the special requirements of the metropolis, in the way of mere reorganisation of administrative machinery, furnish a problem vast enough and urgent enough to demand separate treatment. London's main grievance in Poor Law matters has taken the political form of a demand for the equalisation of the Poor Rate throughout the metropolis, and Mr. Pickersgill's Bill with this object has received the support of Mr. Stansfeld and the Liberal leaders. But the eccentric inequality of London's thirty Poor Rates is merely the outward and visible sign of a

much more serious inward anarchy in the management of London's hundred thousand permanent paupers and two and a half millions sterling of annual public charity. It is inequitable and absurd that the ratepayers of Poplar or St. Luke's should pay a Poor Rate nearly twice as great as that in the City or St. Martin's-in-the-Fields merely because London's poor live apart from London's rich, and sleep, moreover, in one parish whilst they work in another. An even greater scandal is the serious divergence between the thirty boards of guardians in their treatment of the paupers, and an almost inexplicable variation in the cost of maintenance.

In Whitechapel the aged and worthy poor are made as comfortable as the dreary conditions of a London workhouse will permit, whilst in another institution not many miles off, every effort is apparently made to force upon the unhappy inmates a sense of the heinousness of their crime of poverty. At one or two of the twenty-five casual wards in the metropolis the inmates seem to enjoy, without payment, all the Bohemian freedom of a common lodging-house, whereas others of these "Queen's Mansions" offer nothing but the stern discipline of a temporary prison. The pauper who applies for outdoor relief is treated with the same agreeable variety. If he lives in Whitechapel or St. George's-in-the-East he will almost certainly be told to "come into the House." If he lives in Holborn or the City he stands an excellent chance of receiving what is virtually a "national pension" for destitution. The amount of that pension may vary, too, according to his parish, from half a crown to five and sixpence a week for a single man, or from four shillings to as much as fourteen for a family. If he falls sick he may chance to be treated in workhouse infirmaries such as that of St. Pancras, with nursing and maintenance costing a pound a week, or he may have the ill-luck to belong to Mile End, where only one half this sum is lavished on him. If he enters the Holborn workhouse, and needs to be fed up with arrowroot, he is put off with an article costing eighteen shillings per hundredweight; but the more conscientious Union of St. George's-in-the-East provides the best St. Vincent arrowroot at seventy shillings per hundredweight. The dreary "idle room" at St. Olave's is lit with candles at a penny-farthing a pound; but Lewisham treats its paupers to candles at a shilling a pound.

The net result of all this diversity, of which an excellent account was given in Mr. Acworth's paper at the General Poor Law Conference last December, is that London's paupers cost per head more than double the average amount expended throughout England and Wales; and whereas the mean average cost per pauper has risen, in ten years, only by about 5 per cent., the cost of the London pauper has risen by over 10 per cent. London is as recklessly extravagant in paupers as in police, and for similar reasons. Genuine local self-government has yet had no chance in either case.

London, in fact, is, for Poor Law purposes, not a city, but a geographical expression. The metropolis of the British Empire possessed, indeed, until quite recently, for all its administrative purposes nothing better than the organisation of a rural parish, and matters were not at all mended by the fact that it had a great many of these. In 1855 a London was created for the special purpose of main drainage, and we have since gradually woke up to the fact that there is on the banks of the Thames not a congeries of rural parishes abutting on the only unreformed corporation, but a city of nearly five millions of people. Twenty years ago the existence of that city was recognised for educational purposes, and the London School Board was established. Two years ago Mr. Ritchie gave London a common municipal authority, but, misled, perhaps, by many of its parishes being still described as "in the fields," he endowed London's new Council with the powers, not of a municipality nor even of an "urban sanitary authority," but of a rural county. Poor Law London has yet to be, and its creation offers the most pressing problem of Poor Law Reform.

Two feeble attempts at the unification of London for Poor Law purposes have resulted in the only Poor Law institutions common to the whole metropolis—the Metropolitan Asylums Board and the Common Poor Fund. The latter is a curious financial expedient, instituted in 1867 as a mere palliative of London's rating inequalities, and administered by the Local Government Board. About two-fifths of the cost of metropolitan poor relief is thrown into hotchpot, and equitably distributed over the whole city. A further alleviation of the financial inequality was incidentally afforded by Mr. Goschen's reform of the Imperial aid to local finances. By the assignment of a definite share of Imperial taxes in place of grants in aid, London as a whole was a considerable loser (and hence the recent rise in rates), but the distribution of this new revenue among the London parishes was made in proportion to their indoor pauperism, and so mitigated the inequality of their poor rates.

But any unification of London's Poor Law administration requires an efficient central authority, and London's only common Poor Law authority is the Metropolitan Asylums Board. Now the Metropolitan Asylums Board is a unique constitutional absurdity, such as no other city than London would ever have endured. It consists, not of representatives of the people of London, but of fifty-four delegates from Boards of Guardians with sixteen members nominated by the Local Government Board, and it includes no fewer than eighteen Justices of the Peace. It has, indeed, all the electoral and most of the other vices of the late Metropolitan Board of Works, and by common consent is unfit to be entrusted with the enormously important duties of a metropolitan "Poor Law Council."

That "Poor Law Council" can, in fact, spring from nothing by exclusively popular election, as untrammelled as that of the London County Council and School Board. It might at once take over the administration of all Poor Law institutions, where unity of management would promptly effect great improvements and economies. It would, of course, still remain subject to the needful supervision and control of the Local Government Board, but it might easily relieve that overgrown department of many of the petty details in which it now controls the London Boards of Guardians. These would, indeed, necessarily cease to exist as such, but no central authority could itself administer relief in the huge wilderness of the metropolis, and some kind of local committees or "district almoners" would be needed to inquire into cases, and apply the principles laid down by the central Council. These district committees—whose duties would be more analogous to those local committees of the Charity Organisation Society than to those of the existing Boards of Guardians—might, if desired, be popularly elected, but there is much to be said for their appointment by the elected Poor Law Council, as the local school managers are now appointed by the London School Board. The best security for efficient Democratic administration lies, not in the direct popular election of every public officer, but in concentrating responsibility in one elective authority, large enough and important enough to attract able administrators, and to secure the attention of the press. The colossal magnitude of London's public business imperatively

calls for at least four such central Boards; and the statesman who will add a Poor Law Council and a Dock Trust to London's School Board and County Council will have set the final touch to a work scarcely less important than the great municipal reform of fifty-five years ago.

TEMPERAMENT AND LAW.

IN England we revere the law. So deeply rooted is our sense of its dignity that we readily transfer to its administrators some of the ungrudging respect which we pay to the system. No country probably holds its judges in higher repute. When speaking of the Bench, even criticism takes a milder tone. If a statesman suggests that British judges are in exceptional cases liable to bias, his opponents raise an angry outcry. If the victim of a lawsuit pleads that had the judge acted differently his fate might have been different, his neighbours pityingly smile upon the man who vents his chagrin by attacking the Bench. A sense of fairness, combined with happy experience, has taught the public to trust the judges; and even when political passion is thrown into the scale, the ordinary citizen, whatever he whispers to his conscience, abstains from a word of censure on the judge.

The existence of this feeling renders the more remarkable the criticisms evoked by the conduct of the singular case which Mr. Baron Huddleston tried at Lewes a short time since. We are not disposed to join in the censures freely passed upon his course of action there. We conceive that in first stating his view that there was no case to go to the jury; in then inviting the jury to give a verdict, and in finally entering judgment for the defendant, whatever the jury might say, Baron Huddleston only followed the course which most judges would in similar circumstances adopt, in order to avoid the necessity of a fresh trial and of obtaining a fresh verdict, if the Court of Appeal should determine that the case was one for a jury to decide. But it is certain that the result of the trial at Lewes was to astonish many people, and to leave a superficial impression that the judge did not know his own mind. It may be that Baron Huddleston's method of dealing in times past with cases of sensational interest has inclined the public to resent his observations and to regard his attitude with a censorious eye. But probably the feeling is due to the fact that the public do not always realise how great a power is vested in the judge. Under our system the judges are the makers, as well as the interpreters, of the law. There are few cases, even in criminal records, in which the issue does not practically lie in the judge's hands. If there be no jury, his authority is unquestioned. If there be a jury present, still it lies with the judge to decide what points may be left to the jury's consideration, to influence their view, sometimes to dictate their verdict, sometimes to set it aside. A judge, if he forms a strong opinion adverse to a claim, may easily laugh it out of court. The final weight of a witness's evidence with the jury depends very much on the way that it is treated in the judge's summing-up. Moreover, these extensive powers gain from the complete independence of those who possess them. Judges are subject to no control, except that of public opinion. They stand above authority. No superior will reprove, no antagonist can answer, any comments or opinions which they please to vent. Some of them avail themselves of this power of comment sparingly; some with rare tact. Few—but they have been known—abuse it. But what a judge has said, by way of praise or censure, no one can unsay, and its effects no one can easily undo. It is the fact of this irresponsibility which makes their real responsibility so great. One shadow of control there is—the nominal control of the Home Secretary. But of the value of the Home Secretary as a check or correction, it is, perhaps, at the present moment politer not to speak.

Under these circumstances, the reflection occurs how often the course of justice must be influenced by the temperament and bearing of the judge. The idiosyncrasies of judges rank among the determining elements of law. If Baron Huddleston, maintaining among us the practice of an older generation, still suffuses the administration of justice with a beneficent respect for personages, other judges have their characteristics too. One may have attained a reputation for ruthless severity to guilt. Another, perhaps, reminding us that through the broad gates of the House of Commons a party politician sometimes passes to the Bench, puzzles the Bar by his thin knowledge of the law. Another, intent on the despatch of business, may scarcely have the patience left to listen to all the weary facts of every case. Another may try to jog with jokes the car of equity along. Another, in a serener sphere, and flanked by counsellors suave or brusque, may be so bent on common sense as to deal roughly with the subtleties of law. Another may sometimes yield so far to the dry tongues of counsel, whose speech has nothing of the magic of his own, as to pay them the compliment of slumber and to forget points in urbane repose. High as their temper and tradition is, and ably as at Lord Mayors' banquets their representatives have ere now protested against the notion of an English judge swerving a hair's-breadth from the path of equity under the influence of ordinary emotions—still, English judges, after all, are mortals mixing with the world, sharing its habits, its sensations, its taste and culture, its measured, statelier virtues, and, in a small measure, its faults. The fact that they so rarely give us cause to regret the impregnable position which they hold is a fact of which we may well be proud. But the slave on the conqueror's car has still his function, and it is perhaps not indecorous for those who venerate the imposing representatives of justice to recall in the days of the Long Vacation what they would never proclaim in term—that there are human feelings on the Bench, and that on these feelings and the action which they lead to the issues of justice may sometimes depend.

LIFE AT A NORTHERN UNIVERSITY.

"AFTER what Dr. Johnson had said of St. Andrews, which he had long wished to see, as our oldest University and the seat of our Primate in the days of Episcopacy, I can say little." So wrote James Boswell, well-nigh six score years ago, when the doughty Samuel and his devout chronicler saw, with profound admiration, the seat of the Northern University. A great deal has happened since then, and far-reaching changes have been wrought, but St. Andrews remains, in its main characteristics, essentially the same as it was generations before that historic and ever memorable visit.

The ancient University of St. Andrews is not so well known in England as it ought to be, nor are its peculiar educational advantages so widely appreciated as they certainly will become when fully understood. It is the oldest of the four Scottish Universities, having been founded by Bishop Wardlaw in the year 1410; and though it is the smallest of the four, academic life is in some respects realised in it more thoroughly than in any of the others.

English readers will naturally ask, What are the

conditions and manner of life of the students at a Scottish University? It is often assumed that the students and professors live together in a large collegiate building, like a public school or the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. Such is not the case. The students live in lodgings dotted about the town, sometimes singly, but often in twos and threes for economy and company; while the professors have each their separate abodes. The contact, generally speaking, between the students and the professors is at lecture, each professor giving from one to three lectures *per diem*. Here the principle is fully recognised—as it has been finely put by one of the heads of the University—that to "be adequate and effective, an educational system must have a personal element connected with it: the influence of the lecturer superadded to that of his lecture." A student is compelled to attend so many lectures during each session if he intends to take a degree in Arts or Science; but otherwise he is not bound to attend oftener than he pleases. This independent life strikes the stranger as a peculiar feature. It is asked, Does it not lead to idleness and neglect of studies? The contrary is the case. The majority of students are most regular in attendance at their lectures, and pursue their studies with more industry than is often seen at the old English Universities. The English student is much more in a state of tutelage and surveillance than his Scottish brother. His hours are restricted, his studies are generally prescribed for him by his tutor, while his movements outside his college are "shadowed" by the Proctor. The Scottish student, on the other hand, is almost entirely his own master: he chooses his own abode, his own line of study, and no one is allowed to interfere with his movements. The result is that he grows up with a manly feeling of responsibility and a sturdy independence, which constitute one of the great objects of education.

The youth of a University of this description, if placed in the heart of a great city, would undoubtedly be exposed to distractions and allurements of a dangerous character; and no doubt in some of the Continental Universities—so placed—the result is deterioration of character. But place a University in a quiet country town of seven thousand inhabitants distinguished by honesty and thrift, in a bracing climate; and give to the students, apart from their studies, healthy outdoor sports and pleasant social intercourse among themselves and among the townspeople, and you realise the main features of student life in St. Andrews University.

The University itself consists of two colleges in the city of St. Andrews, and a recently affiliated one in Dundee. Of the two former, the larger one is devoted to the study of arts and science, the smaller to theology. The college in Dundee is a flourishing institution, with plenty of youthful vigour; but as yet its professors have not begun to teach systematically for degrees, though it is understood they will do so soon in science, medicine, and law. The degrees conferred in St. Andrews are in arts, science, medicine, and theology; and to obtain a degree in either of the first two departments a student must give at least three years to the study—in arts—of Latin, Greek, mathematics, English literature, logic, moral philosophy, and natural philosophy. In science, there is an option offered him from the subjects—chemistry, physics, mathematics, geology, botany, natural history, and physiology. The two departments of arts and science attract by far the larger number of students—at least nine-tenths of the whole—the other avenues to a degree being rather sparsely followed. This arrangement of studies for the degree is of great antiquity; and to keep up with modern requirements the Scottish University Commissioners propose to widen the existing avenues to a degree, as well as to institute new ones—a change which will undoubtedly be highly advantageous. Thus, students will be able to follow out the primitive curriculum as hitherto, or they may specialise between the three departments of literature, philosophy, and science. Any one of these branches of study will lead to the degree of M.A.; while that of B.Sc. will probably be restricted to more technical branches, such as engineering and the like.

The next point of interest connected with a Scottish University such as St. Andrews, is the cost of education and the cost of living. A student as a rule attends three classes per session—each class consisting of one hundred or more lectures, the fee for each class being £3 3s. Thus, £10 pays for his studies during a year. He has, in addition, to pay £1 as matriculation fee each year, £3 for examinations leading to the degree he aims at, and £1 for the conferring of the latter. If this scale of charges be compared with the cost of obtaining a degree in an English University, such as Oxford, the difference is marked. Now, as to the cost of living. In St. Andrews there is an extremely cheap rate. The majority of the students pay about £1 per week, which includes lodging and food. The food may be plain; but, judging from the appearance of the students, it seems wholesome. Of course a student with ample means may live at a higher rate, and numbers do so. During the winter and spring, while the session is in progress, there is abundance of good and comfortable lodgings. The session lasts about twenty-five weeks; and it will be seen therefore that £40 may carry a student through it, paying for both education and living.

Let English readers compare this with the cost of living at one of the older colleges at Oxford or Cambridge, where two or three times this amount is required. Many of the students at St. Andrews are materially helped during their academic course by bursaries, which resemble the English scholarships but are generally smaller in amount. The highest of them are £25 to £30 per annum, tenable for four years; and numerous bursaries—which are not only a pecuniary help, but a recognition and stimulus—are competed for at the beginning of each session, the competition being open to all comers.

Open to all, also, are the glorious golfing links for which St. Andrews is famous throughout the world. Nothing could exceed the beauty of these links, or the admirable means they furnish for the practice of the noble game of golf, which is everywhere growing in popularity. Numerous as are the "greens" which have of late years been laid out in various parts of England and Scotland, it is universally admitted that St. Andrews is *the* "green" of them all. The students have free access to the links at whatever time they choose, without any charge, and thus they enjoy the means—possessed to the same extent by few, if any, other Universities—of preserving, in the most pleasant way, the *mens sana in corpore sano*.

Many men of social and intellectual distinction have been associated with the University. Amongst the Chancellors, we find the names of Cardinal Beaton, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Argyll, and successive Archbishops of St. Andrews. John Stuart Mill, Froude, and Dean Stanley were Rectors; and in the roll of Principals stand George Buchanan, John Hunter, Sir David Brewster, Dr. John Tulloch, and John Campbell Shairp, with Dr. James Donaldson and John Cunningham, D.D., who now worthily fill the high office of Principals of the United College and of St. Mary's Divinity College. The Professors have not only been eminent as teachers, but have to a remarkable extent made contributions in philosophy, theology, medicine, and general learning, which take high and permanent place in literature. "The professors entertained us with a very good dinner," Boswell faithfully places on record; "present: Murison, Shaw, Cooke, Hill (author of the long extant 'Theological Institutes'), Haddo, Watson (the famous Dr., of whom Johnson, not given to compliment, declared, 'I take great delight in him'), Flint,

and Brown." It will be admitted that there are now no signs of decay. Lewis Campbell in Greek; Crombie and Mitchell in divinity; Arthur Roberts in humanity; Meiklejohn in the practice of education; William Knight—of Wordsworth fame—in moral philosophy; Arthur Stanley Butler, Andrew Seth, Birrell, Lang, and others, will rank with the best teachers in any of our great Universities. Under its power to confer honorary degrees upon persons distinguished in the professions to which they belong, the Senatus has shown prompt and discriminating appreciation of genuine merit, without regard to sectional, class, or mere academic considerations.

In a spirit of enlightened liberality, which the English Universities are slowly imitating, St. Andrews long since successfully established a scheme by which women in any part of the kingdom may pass examinations at fixed centres, and obtain the coveted title of L.L.A.—the standard for which, both in passes and honours, is the same as that required for the M.A. degree. Originated in 1876 by Professor Roberts, it was taken up by the Senatus, and, under the wise and capable administration of Dr. Knight, it has proved in every sense immensely successful. Over 2,000 candidates have been enrolled; their separate entrances approach 4,500; and a fair percentage have passed the various examinations. It ought to be added here that St. Andrews has long taken a foremost place among the Universities in promoting facilities for the higher education of women, and that at a very early stage in this advanced movement it petitioned Parliament on their behalf. A Lecture Extension Scheme and Summer Session have been established in connection with the University.

Thus student life at St. Andrews glides pleasantly and usefully along. With variety, cheapness, and a high degree of general excellence, and possessing teaching qualities of the most thorough and practical description, the attractions are numerous and altogether exceptional; if the seat of the University were not so far north—though quick trains and the magnificent Forth bridge have shortened the distance—there would doubtless be in it as many English as Scotch students.

The Berry bequest, which has recently fallen to the University, from its somewhat romantic character demands special notice. About half a century ago three brothers of the name of Berry left the county of Fife to settle in Australia. The eldest of these had been a student at St. Andrews University, and always retained a feeling of gratitude to his Alma Mater. He was a man of great natural force of character, and this innate power had been disciplined and strengthened by the college course through which he had passed. The consequence was that, in conjunction with his brothers—who, like himself, remained unmarried—he gradually amassed a colossal fortune. He resolved to leave a large portion of it to St. Andrews University, and gave instructions to this effect to his legal adviser. But, though the will was prepared, it was never signed, the elder Berry dying on the very day on which he was to append his signature to the precious document. After some years a second brother also died, leaving the sole survivor the owner of a property valued at no less a sum than £1,250,000. Reverencing the well-known wishes of his elder brother, the last representative of the family, who died on September 23rd, 1889, left, by will, the sum of £100,000 to the University of St. Andrews. This munificent bequest will soon become available, and will doubtless be put to such uses as will greatly tend to the advantage, not only of the Professors, but of those students in the various Faculties who may be attracted, by considerations of health, economy, and the certainty of obtaining the highest academic culture, to the most venerable and not least distinguished of the Scottish Universities.

H. GILZEAN REID.

MR. MALLOCK ON NATURAL RELIGION.

THERE is an article by Mr. Mallock in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*, which gives a capital illustration of the intimate connection between thought and style. It is essential to a good style that the writer should be master of his subject, and have a clear idea of what he intends to say. Mr. Mallock can write well on themes in which he feels at home. In this article his style forsakes him; he is ponderous, involved, confused, and sometimes ungrammatical; and the reason evidently is that he has not mastered his subject or his own thoughts concerning it. In form the article is a review of a Roman Catholic treatise on natural religion—a book which, judging from the reviewer's account of it, seems hardly worthy of the honour. But if the author's arguments on behalf of natural religion are "puerile," his critic's counter arguments are by no means cogent. Mr. Mallock, however, does not attack belief in religion, either natural or revealed; on the contrary, he fancies that he has found an argument which shall place religion on a stable foundation. What he does attack is the view that human reason can trace in any part of the universe any vestige of a Supreme Being external to nature, and to whom man is responsible for his conduct. It is scientifically proved, he assures us, that "the material universe is infinite and eternal, all its changes being the result of all-pervading and eternally unchanging laws." Of this system man is a necessary product, and his life is but "another aspect of the movements of the machine," and is "a fleeting and infinitesimal phenomenon." There is no trace of a designer, still less of a righteous governor of the universe. Moreover, "not only are a good God and a free human will unthinkable, but everything else, if we try to think it out, ends in being unthinkable also." "In other words, all thought is grounded on assumption, which involves the negation of the laws of thought."

A gloomy view truly! for the negation of the laws of thought means intellectual nihilism, while the negation of a good God and a free human will means moral chaos. But Mr. Mallock does not leave us comfortless. He undertakes to re-discover by a new calculus the truths which he thinks are not only undiscoverable, but negatived, by reason. In this fresh quest "reason shall not interfere with us." The argument "leaves us to take the first step independently of reason." We must start with "the assumption of the value, the dignity, and the significance of man's life." In other words, we must begin with an act of faith; but the first article of our creed must be "I believe in life," not "I believe in God;" "I do believe in the spiritual value and the eternal meaning of life, because my nature is such that I abhor the belief that is the alternative."

Mr. Mallock's transparently sincere effort to find a sure foundation for the fundamental truths of religion appeals to our sympathy. And we do not doubt that an adequate conception of the dignity, mystery, aspirations, and premonitions of human nature do point to immortality and to God. But how is it that he fails to see that he has in the first part of his article entirely demolished the article of faith which he offers as a substitute for the usual arguments in favour of natural religion? Truth is one, and what is scientifically false cannot be true as an article of faith. If it has been scientifically demonstrated that the universe is in the embrace of an eternally unchanging necessity, and that human life is but a fleeting and insignificant bubble emerging for a moment on the surface of universal energy and then vanishing for ever, where is "the dignity and the significance of man's life"? Mr. Mallock has given it away to the materialist, and has left himself nothing but "the belief that is the alternative," however much he may "abhor" it. And he has done this quite gratuitously. For the truth is that science has not demonstrated any of

the concessions which Mr. Mallock has made to the materialist. Necessity does not preside over nature; the material universe is not held in the vice of "eternally unchanging laws"; and the progress of physical science, so far from upsetting all evidence of design in nature, has on the contrary strengthened and enlarged the evidence.

The fact is that endless confusion has been caused by the importation into the sphere of physics of a term which properly belongs to metaphysical science. Strictly speaking, evolution is inapplicable to the world of matter and physical energy. Mr. Mallock grants to the materialist "the evolution of the lifeless universe from some simpler substance." But the concession is futile, for it is barred by the fundamental axiom of science, which assures us that the quantity of matter and energy in the world can be neither increased nor diminished by any finite process; in other words, that the bulk of the world is now what it has always been. Science thus excludes the idea of any "simpler substance" out of which the material universe could have been evolved. It follows, therefore, that if we use the term evolution at all as applicable to the material universe, we can do so only in the sense of its cosmic arrangements. But here again we are confronted by this further difficulty, namely, that evolution, philosophically speaking, implies a necessary sequence—a chain of which all the links are joined by an iron necessity. But this is not the characteristic of the processes of nature. Natural events are related by historical, not by necessary connection. Geology shows us graduated order which might have been otherwise. There is no necessary connection between geological strata with their vegetable and animal fossils—nothing to show that the successive stages of organic life were bound to follow the order, which, in matter of fact they did follow. And what is true of the strata of the earth is true of the so-called laws of nature. Nothing in nature, or in the human mind, tells us that these laws have always existed, or will last for ever. Gravitation keeps the stellar systems in their order, but could not have placed them in their relative positions, or set them in motion. Gravitation explains the how, not the why of its own action, and our expectation that the sun will rise to-morrow is not based on any proved necessity. Nor is there a particle of proof to show that the external world has necessarily within itself a principle of energy. On the contrary, the prevailing opinion among scientific men is that the material universe was set in motion by a cause external to it, and is again returning, through dissipation of energy, to its original inertia and final extinction—or, as the distinguished authors of "The Unseen Universe" put it, to its absorption into the spiritual universe out of which it was formed. In short, wherever we meet with the attributes of necessity we are dealing with the entities of intelligence, not with the objects of outer nature. A necessary truth or law of reason is a truth or law the opposite of which is inconceivable, nonsensical, impossible; a truth in the fixing of which there can be only one alternative. It might have been ordained that the sun should revolve round the earth—that is to say, our minds recognise nothing contradictory and absurd in that supposition. Either alternative was equally possible. Not so the proposition that two straight lines could enclose a space, for that involves a contradiction. Nature knows nothing of necessity or causation. What are called scientific causes are only orderly effects. This is tacitly admitted by men of science in their interchangeable use of law and cause; the fact being that a law can never really be a cause. The laws of nature are but an expression for the mere order of phenomena, which has absolutely nothing to do with the causation of them.

So much then for the unchangeable necessity which is supposed to govern the phenomena of nature. It is a figment of the imagination. But what about the evidence of design in the natural universe? Mr. Mallock supposes that the theory of evolution has either disproved any such evidence, or rendered it superfluous. How does the theory of evolution account for the law of gravitation or the order of the solar system? How does it account for the origin of life? How does it explain the infinitely varied peregrinations of the original life-germ when there was no natural selection or survival of the fittest to direct its development? Moreover, life was originally sexless. The apparition of sex is a breach of continuity which the theory of evolution fails to explain. How wonderful, again, that however diversified the animal kingdom may be, its multitudinous denizens are all constructed upon four plans only. If that does not prove intelligent design of the highest order, design cannot be proved at all. The varieties of the radiates (star-fish, etc.) are another illustration of design in nature. The differences of structure are only different expressions of the same thought of radiation pervading this group of animals. Natural selection and survival of the fittest cannot explain it. For those creatures are to be found in myriads side by side on the same rock, all in the same climate and locality, and therefore under the same influences. In truth Darwin never pretended that his suggestion of natural selection and survival of the fittest was an adequate explanation. He admitted that the true cause was still the greatest problem of biological science.

The process by which the queen is developed in the bee-hive, the change of colour in animals according to seasons, the curious contrivance for the fertilisation of orchids, and a thousand other facts in nature, are inexplicable apart from a designing mind. The survival of the fittest explains nothing. How did the fittest come to possess the potentiality which enables them to survive? They come into existence with it; and this cannot have been accidental, for it is a truism of science that there can be no accidental variation. To seek the cause in the animal itself, or in the plant, is as reasonable as to look in the mechanism of a compensation lever watch for the potentiality of its self-adjusting apparatus.

The limits of space will not allow us to follow Mr. Mallock in his argument that "to the eye of natural reason, unjust God is and has been, if we suppose a God at all." But if we suppose a God at all, we must also suppose that He has an eternity to work in, that this life is but a moment in the eternity of human life, and that what may appear unjust on so limited a field of observation might appear perfectly just to a sufficiently extended vision. "How can natural reason," he asks, "discover in the earthquake at Lisbon any wisdom or goodness, so far as the men and women are concerned who perished in it?" We reply that the victims of that catastrophe probably suffered less than they would have suffered if they had died natural deaths. It is a mere assumption that death was a calamity to them at all. On the whole, we are obliged to say that Mr. Mallock's article, with the best intention, appears to us more calculated to help the cause he opposes than that which he has sought to vindicate. He has made concessions to the opponents of faith which are fatal to his argument. It is in a sense true that belief in the dignity and immutability of human life and in God is an assumption. But assumptions vary. Some assumptions may be corroborated by such a mass of aggregated probabilities that they amount to moral certainties. Of that kind, we hold, is the verdict of natural reason in favour of the existence of God. The very revolt of the human conscience against the wrongs and inequalities of this life points to a life where justice shall eventually prevail. Nature proclaims from pole to pole that instincts which are universal indicate appropriate satisfaction; that there must be correlation between desire and fulfilment. The discovery of this fact by human reason is one of the most precious supports of faith. To dethrone reason, then, as a condition of establishing faith is surely as suicidal as it is illogical.

THE GLOBE-TROTTER IN INDIA.

A DEAD set has been made of late against that particular specimen of the globe-trotter, the English member of Parliament who goes to India. Possibly the action of one or two travellers of this class may afford some justification for the mingled anger and contempt with which "old Indians" invariably speak of them. No one is likely to dispute the absurdity of the notion that three months' sojourn in India must constitute any one an authority on Indian questions; and as there have been cases in which a still shorter sojourn—three weeks or thereabouts—has been the sole justification for a claim of this sort, the anger of the old Indian is easy to understand. But even the old Indian, with his sublime belief in himself, his raging fury against the politicians at home who dare to have a mind of their own on Indian matters, affords but another instance of the falsehood of extremes. Here is Mr. Rudyard Kipling, for example, in the current number of the *Contemporary Review*, telling us with glib dexterity the story of "the enlightenment of Pagett, M.P.," and telling it in such a way that one might imagine that every member of Parliament who goes to India for the winter is—first a prig, secondly a blockhead, and finally a bore. "Pagett, M.P.," at all events, successfully combines these three characters. He is "a Congress man," of course. That is his fatal offence in the eyes of your Anglo-Indian. But he is not only a Congress man; he is, in addition, a conceited and tiresome donkey. That, however, is what your genuine Anglo-Indian believes that every Congress man must necessarily be. For his complete stultification—or, as Mr. Kipling is pleased to call it, his enlightenment—all the stock figures of the Indian drama are trotted out. He meets in succession the old official, the English merchant, the native workman, the Mahomedan gentleman, the peasant, and the callow *baboo;* and he finds that of all these only the last—who is as offensive personally as the M.P. himself—cares a pinch of snuff about the Congress or the "cause" on behalf of which Radical enthusiasm is being evoked in this country by Mr. Bradlaugh and others.

Now with the great question of the establishment of self-government in the Indian Empire we do not propose to meddle here, beyond expressing the opinion that if ever there was a political question in which it was necessary to move only after the fullest deliberation, and with the greatest care and caution, it is this. No intelligent man really believes that English institutions are of necessity the best for all the races of mankind, and advanced Radicals are just as reluctant to attempt to force a parliament and local self-government upon races who neither wish for these things or know how to use them, as anybody else can be. The wise man in England, in fact, is inclined to listen and watch and wait, as far as Indian questions are concerned, and to trust to the judgment of men who have been actually engaged in the work of governing India rather than in that of the ordinary globe-trotter.

All this is by the way, however. The point incidentally raised by Mr. Kipling's article in the *Contemporary* lies quite apart from the merits of the Congress movement. It is simply the question of whether a man who goes to India for the purpose of acquiring *some* information regarding the condition of things in our great dependency acts wisely or unwisely in doing so. The intense dislike with which he is regarded by the whole Anglo-Indian community—a dislike tempered, it is true, by a genuine hospitality—is perfectly natural. It would be strange, indeed, if your Anglo-Indian official did not feel a certain amount of resentment at the notion that this inquisitive stranger had come to him for the purpose of discovering weak spots in the British Administration, and of afterwards making his discoveries known to a gaping House of Commons. He entreats him hospitably whilst he is under his roof—thanks to the good letter of introduction with which the "Trotter" has been provided—gives him of his best, and tries to satisfy his curiosity regarding all things Indian, so long at least as he remains his guest. But when once the visitor has departed, the host heaves a sigh of relief, and forthwith confides to his comrades at the club his private opinion of globe-trotters in general. That they *cannot* see the right side of things; that their ignorance is only made more dense by their hurried attempt to see something of the realities of life in India; and that they must of necessity look at the great imperial problems, in solving which the Anglo-Indian is wearing out his life in exile, only from the narrow point of view of English party politics, is what the majority of old Indians firmly believe of all globe-trotters.

It is a hard case this; for after all this view of the globe-trotter is not the true one. Of course there are prigs, blockheads, and bores among travelling M.P.'s as well as among other classes of the community. But we may reasonably hope that they are the exceptions to the rule. The average man who goes to India for a winter tour usually learns one thing at least from his visit. That is his own ignorance. Unless he be abnormally dull or conceited, he comes back from his peep at "the shining Orient" robbed of all desire to generalise vaguely over a problem at once so vast, so complex, and so baffling as that of our rule in India. He probably sees that the majority of Anglo-Indians—the men who can hardly mention the name of Lord Ripon without an oath, and who grow purple if the Congress be as much as referred to in their presence—are not the men who really hold India for the English Crown, but are simply commonplace Englishmen of average abilities, whose prejudices have hardened into something like petrifaction under the wearing stress of life in an alien land, with its little cares and jealousies, its constant strain and worry. But he sees also that there are in India at this present moment, as there have been ever since the English *raj* was planted there, men who bring to the great task of maintaining the sovereignty of the Queen, whilst "holding the balance level" between the varied subject races committed to their charge, all the best qualities of our race—the qualities which have made the Anglo-Saxon the master of the world. Never yet has a traveller, gifted with average intelligence, returned from India without bringing back with him a profound impression of the grandeur of the work which England is doing there, and of the heroic nobility of character of many of the men who are engaged in doing it. Surely it is a good thing for India and for the Anglo-Indian that even the despised globe-trotter should have an opportunity of forming this opinion.

Nor is it by any means the case that your travelling M.P. makes haste to adopt the cause of the *baboo*, the cause of the Congress, as his own. In nineteen cases out of twenty, the temptation is strong within him to take the opposite side. Indeed, if he be not a man of courage and strength of mind, he quickly imbibes that view of the Congress man which is the popular one with the ordinary Anglo-Indian, and "takes on" the prejudices of those with whom he spends his time. This is, to our mind, the chief risk of a flying trip to India on the part of a Member of Parliament. Even Mr. Rudyard Kipling makes his typical Globe-Trotter fall away from his political faith within a few hours of his arrival in the country. We hope that few will do so without better reason than "Pagett, M.P." has in Mr. Kipling's article; but we acknowledge that this, and not any wild enthusiasm on behalf of "popular rights" in Hindostan, is the most frequent result of the globe-trotter's tour. Yet, in spite of this fact, we believe that any man who is interested in the great problems of statesmanship—unless he be incredibly foolish—must be the better rather than the worse for a winter's peep at that wonderful land to which the Western world owes so much. It is a land the secret of which not even the oldest of Anglo-Indians has mastered; a land where the English ruler does his work largely in the

dark, and, at the best, in a dim twilight of uncertainty. But vague, bewildering, mysterious as are the manifold phases of the life which boasts an antiquity so awful, no Western man can be brought face to face with them, even for a month, without forming a better idea of the great problem which England has to solve than he could otherwise have arrived at.

NEW CLUBS FOR OLD.

THE evolution of the club is not one of the least curious things in politics. In the old days, which included the time between the first and second Reform Bills as well as the time before the first, the club had an influence which was almost directly proportioned to its exclusiveness. Its ballots determined not only the composition of a social circle, but the composition of a party. It ruled men's spirits from its urns. When the committee sent down its candidates to a provincial constituency, it was a real *congé d'élire*. The candidate came with the approval of the most exclusive set in London; and this was understood to imply local favour, as the greater includes the less. The set paid the innkeeper and the bill poster; it was rich, and it was prepared to "back its fancy" in a sport which was even more exciting than the Turf. Now all this is changed, and, with few exceptions, the so-called political clubs are of no political importance whatever. They have a great name, but nobody minds it. No man goes to them for political inspiration, and they would themselves be very much scandalised at any mistake of that sort. They would feel like a Bishop rung up in the middle of the night to solve the doctrinal doubts of a pew-opener. They are not there for that purpose; they only used to be there. Time was, but such time shall be no more. They represent great political achievement by their titles, but not by their persons, as some peers represent a decisive battle of the world. They would be very much bored by untimely appeals to them in the name of their founders. Founders are all very well in their place, and their place is within the great corniced frames on the wall. Besides, the appeal might disturb the digestion of members, for it would nearly always find them at a meal.

The newer forces of clubland—for such forces, of course, being indestructible, perish only in their forms—are more purely democratic. Both Liberalism and Toryism have now found that no political traffic pays so ill as first class. They have accordingly offered "unusual facilities" to second and third. The new popular clubs of the great parties are the real seats and sources of power. They are not select; but they are very much alive, which is a fair compensation. It was a great idea to send the voice of the trumpet throughout the land, and to say to the tens of thousands who obeyed the call: "Gentlemen, *you* are the political nation." The force of the new appeal lay in its recognition of the new titles to distinction. The territorial magnate now has a rival in the local party manager, who never goes to the Hall. In the Ordnance survey, Little Pedlington lies exactly where it did, under the shadow of Pedlington Castle. In any political chart of England, it would be seen to enjoy a considerable amount of sunshine on its own account. Little Pedlington is now ruled by its house agent and land surveyor, who presides over the weekly experience meeting of the party in his own back parlour. He it is who returns the Member. The great clubs knew nothing of him when he came to London, except, perhaps, in the way of a furtive invitation to lunch. It was easy to see by the character of the entry in the book that the host felt half ashamed of his guest. He was described as Mr. Theodolite of the Grand Hotel, without one word of Pedlington, Little or Big. He was not the man to endure that for ever. He now has a club of his own; and, if you want him, you must go to the Avenue or to the Embankment, and find him in the press of six thousand men. The six thousand are most of them small divisional chiefs—doctors, solicitors, leaders in hardware, and what not, who know how to win an election, and who hope one day to win it for themselves. Their aggregate makes the force that rules. If you want to save society for Toryism, you must condescend to do it with their good help. If you want to perform some equally beneficent operation for humanity at large, you must still go to the shop over the way, which, in all essentials of management and style of business, is a shop of precisely the same kind. As in other transactions, your choice lies only between monster firms. Every club that leads is now but a Whiteley's, a Barker's, a Shoolbred's, or a Maple's of political supply. What vast establishments! What labyrinths of corridor!—cloak-room on cloak-room piled, and every inch of space with its uses, from the basements below the Thames level, to the starry-pointing roofs that are only to be attained by the lift. They are as busy at night time as Mr. Quintin Hogg's Polytechnic. The six thousand rush to and fro—to debating rooms, to lecture halls, to committee meetings on draft Bills for the amendment of the registration, or on the extension of the Primrose League. If one could peep in through the uplifted roof, the sight would be as wonderful as anything in the economy of ant life.

The stately repose of Pall Mall may be all very fine, but Pall Mall does not govern, and it barely reigns. The new association rules by sheer energy and numbers, and only greater numbers and greater energy can ever dispute its sway. All ye, then, who would win your way to the Commons' House, come hither, come hither, come hither! It may not be exactly what you have been used to, or what you one day hope to reach, but it is life as it is lived! There is everything but repose. The very waiters are a turbulent plebs, and there are Cleons in the smoking-room. If you still prefer the other places, keep to them by all means. You may find a mild satisfaction there, in that liberty of epigram which is the last consolation of defeat. All the new forces must be of this kind. The principle is the same—numbers and "popular prices"—alike in clubs and in Italian opera. At election time, these busy men will spread over the land, and if you are not of them, or with them, the constituencies will know little of your name. At an earlier day, this obligation of universal brotherhood was confined strictly to the period of the election. It was but hail-fellow-well-met for a fortnight, once in seven years. Now it has to be observed all the year round. A single pause in the march, and the rear rank will trample you down, and the six thousand pass over your forgotten remains. When the six thousand have got all they want, they too will become exclusive. An augmented cost of their house dinners, and of their sherry and seltzer, will mark their elevation in the scale of being. But it will also mark the period of their decline, as newer clubs of additional thousands rise to satisfy the imperious necessities those can no longer meet. The process need never stop, until the club becomes coterminous with the world, and the older institutions have to be visited by ticket, like the museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

THE SPEAKER'S GALLERY.

VII.—Bishop Stubbs.

ON the 8th of May, 1884, Professor Stubbs, on the point of resigning his chair as Regius Professor of History and accepting the mitre of Chester, delivered his last "Statutory Public Lecture" at Oxford. Not a little sensation did he cause by that

humorous, outspoken, ingenuous, yet brilliant production. The moribund professor, the expectant bishop, gave a masterly survey of the work which had been accomplished at Oxford in the promotion of historical science since he first entered on the duties of his chair; he touched on losses as well as gains, making pathetic reference to the death of John Richard Green, and correcting the Saga of "The First Meeting of Stubbs and Green," by telling the true story of that interesting conjunction of two stars in the historical firmament.

He concluded with what he himself called his Apologia, and it was some sentences of this Apologia which, from their personal interest, attracted more attention than all the rest of the lecture.

I am going to leave with Oxford many, very many friends; to leave, but not, I trust, to lose them. I hope that I have made no enemies; I have more dread of making enemies than is at all consistent with a properly constituted moral courage. I hope that I have succeeded. At all events, I have never reviewed the books of ally or opponent, or anyone else; I have never given pain or incurred hostility in that way. I have abstained from controversy, religious, political, or historical. I have never scrupled to correct my own mistakes, and I have never made a captious use of the mistakes of other men. I trust that I have never plucked a candidate in the schools without giving him every opportunity of setting himself right. I hope that I have never intrigued or bullied—I do not say this with any wish to imply that such things are done here, although the popular idea of the professional character might suggest the need of a disclaimer; but if there was temptation to do so, I claim to have resisted it. So much I trust that you will let me take credit for. I know that I have great faults; I have a good deal of sympathy but too little zeal. Sometimes I have feared that in my lack of zeal my fellow-workers have detected or suspected a lack of sympathy. Somehow the adage "*melior est conditio prohibentis*" does come to be confused with or to be interpreted into the policy of "How not to do it;" perhaps I have tried to work too much in my own way and too little in theirs. Then, too, I have never been able to reconcile myself with smoking, late hours, dinner-parties, Sunday breakfasts, or University sermons; nor is Joe Pullen's tree such a landmark in my life as it might very well be to the benefit of my constitution. I will say no more about informal instruction; I think that need not be remembered against me. If I am not mistaken, I have read over many proof-sheets, and my name appears as the name of a helper in many prefaces.

This gentle and half-humorous fragment of an Apologia suggests, rather by way of contrast than analogy, the long and stately Apologia of that other student of ecclesiastical history who left Oxford a generation before with such different reasons for his departure, and who has just ended the life of which he well wrote the Defence. Perhaps, however, we may refer each of these two very dissimilar utterances to the same cause. Both Newman and Stubbs, with all their love for Oxford and all their consciousness of the great intellectual debt which they owed to her, were conscious also that they had been in some degree in her but not of her, and, looking back upon the years that they had passed there, sharing that wonderful life so rich in memories of the past centuries, so full of the questionings and aspirations of to-day, each was impelled to explain wherefore and to what extent his own individual life had been out of harmony with the life around him.

The literary activity of Professor Stubbs (we must call him here by his earlier and academic title) seems to have been greatest during the twenty years from 1864 to 1884. During these years, besides the production of his great work on the "Constitutional History of England," and the Manual of "Select Charters" which he prepared to illustrate it, he was contributing on an average nearly a volume a year to the collection of "Early English Historians," published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. It needs only a cursory examination of these volumes to see the immense labour which each of them must have cost the editor, in the ascertainment of the text, in the elucidation of strange out-of-the-way allusions, in the recovery of the names of places often hidden under some strange and barbarous disguise, in the preparation of the elaborate Indices, and, most of all, in the admirable Prefaces, generally running to about one hundred pages octavo, in which the literary position of the author of the chronicle is fixed, the influences to which he was subjected are described, his political or ecclesiastical prejudices taken account of, and, in fact, the man himself, Roger of Hoveden or Ralph de Diceto or Gervase of Canterbury, made to live again before us; while at the same time we are shown where we may trust these men as our guides and where we must be on our guard against their prejudices or their credulity.

The pity of it is, that so much good and useful work should be entombed in volumes which, though of the utmost value to scholars, are hardly likely to be handled by any man who is not himself undertaking original work at the history of Plantagenet England. Will not the Bishop crown his labours by giving us in a connected form a sort of Biographia Literaria or Biographia Historica of England in the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries? He has already given us a specimen of how the work might be done in his lectures on Learning and Literature at the Court of Henry II. We will undertake to say that few persons who have not made this age their special study could have supposed that there was so much literary activity in England in the reign of the first Plantagenet. Here the Professor brings before us the great king himself, not as the mere lover of Rosamond or murderer of Becket whom the schoolboy knows in him, but as a great reader, fond of discussing deep and intricate questions with the scholars of his Court. His daughters are married to learned and clerkly sovereigns, the youngest of them to the King of Sicily; and through that alliance the two islands are brought into a closeness of connection which must have benefited the northern and less civilised kingdom. In the progress through England of an imaginary scholastic visitor, Professor Stubbs shows us the schools which are growing up around the great cathedrals. "At Canterbury, he would find himself in a great literary centre, with teachers and libraries, and all appliances that stand to the population and society of the day in much the same proportion as the literary life of Oxford or Cambridge would at this moment." At Oxford, which is not seldom a royal residence, he perhaps sees the germination of that little seed of life which will one day grow into a glorious University. At London the Dean and several of the Canons of St. Paul's are eminent authors. At Lincoln he finds Walter Map, the satirist; in Yorkshire he makes the acquaintance of Roger of Hoveden, with whom he exchanges Herodotean conversation as to the marvels of the strange lands which he may have visited. At Durham, at Hexham, at Melrose—everywhere he finds some annalist busy at work "keeping up the record of public as well as local history, or otherwise attempting to keep alive the fire of literary zeal." In short, our distinguished visitor returns from our shores "with the impression that whatever drawbacks there might be to the full enjoyment of life, England was a paradise of clerks."

The papers from which we have been just quoting appeared in Bishop Stubbs's latest volume, "Seventeen Lectures on the Study of Mediæval Modern History, Delivered at Oxford under Statutory Obligation in the years 1867—1884." Those words "under statutory obligation" strike a note of wail to which from title-page to index the Professor is perpetually recurring. He was bound by statute twice every year (only twice) to deliver a public lecture to what he calls "an idle audience," and the obligation to do this—the compulsion to leave his favourite charters and chronicles and to produce something which should interest "an idle audience" was so hateful to him that he could not forbear complaining of it to his hearers. The iron has entered into his own soul, and he must shake his manacles in the ears of the Philistines before whom Samson has to make sport. And yet, after all, the statute (which as he tells us is now a thing of the past) does not seem to have been an unreasonable one. The best justification of it, we think, is to be found in the admirable volume of lectures which, in Professor Stubbs's case, it has called forth. How many of these papers, presenting in a readable form the wide generalisations

of a scholar who is generally engaged on minute detail, would ever have been given to the world but for that abhorred statute? Of course the work was done against the grain—that is easily understood—but how much of the best work of the world is done against the grain! If men only did that which at the moment they feel an inclination to do, how few victories the race would win, how few of its past conquests it would retain! We wish that Professor Stubbs, who says truly enough that he is in sympathy with the spirit of the Middle Ages, could have accepted the necessity laid upon him by this objectionable statute, in a spirit of ascetic self-mortification, arraying himself in cap and gown for the "statutory lecture" as the friar tied the cord round his frock of sackcloth. Yes, we will even suggest to him, now that all things are going well with him, now that he is back again at his beloved Oxford, no longer as professor, but as bishop, how expedient it might be to practise a little further self-mortification. Let him impose upon himself the penance of producing for the general public the Biographia Literaria for which we have already asked, and a popular version of his "Constitutional History." We can assure him that there are some at least of his "idle audience" who will read him not idly, and will accept the fruits of his reluctant toil on their behalf with gratitude.

OUT OF THE WORLD.

NOT by any means out of the body. You are not threatened with one of those ghostly communications from another world which are fashionable in certain quarters; not even that we have been up in a balloon and lighted on some heaven-kissing hill; nothing more than that, starting at midnight from the centre of England, we travelled at express speed due north for twelve hours, and then on water for another six. The result, though we are not out of the island, quite justifies the phrase "out of the world." Streets, offices, railways, tramcars, hansoms, are miles and miles behind us; churches themselves are far out of sight. On a line twenty-one miles in length there are, perhaps, twenty-one houses, not more; and only three of these are shops—two inns, two post-offices, with telegraph wires. There is no use talking of a circumference, for in front is the sea and behind are great mountains.

"Where?" you ask. Well, Ardslignish is the name of the house at one end of our line, Strontian the name of the house at the other end. (But there—I have caught you halting already. Didn't you pronounce that last name with the "i" short, as in "gentian"? How you would be laughed at here for such a blunder! If Highland spelling were at all conformed to English there would be two "e's" instead of that "i.") Still at a loss? Then the house we inhabit is called Laga, in the sub-parish of Acharacle, the greater or original parish being Ardnamurchan. If some benighted Southerner has even yet failed to locate us, let it be said that the district of Argyllshire lying opposite, separated by a space of water varying from six miles to one, is Morven, of which all men have heard through Norman Macleod and his uncle, the high-priest of that ilk, whose stature was six feet six.

How truly we are out of the world may be understood from this quite authentic conversation:—

"Do tourists not find their way into this quarter?" asked a visitor, impressed with the solitariness, of an intelligent farmer.

"Whatt?"

"Have you no people coming into these beautiful lochs and glens?"

"Oh, aye. We're no badly off in that respect, sir. There was a cadger body yesterday, and there's yersel the day. There's aye somebody about."

Having mentioned the cadger, I may as well dispose of him at once, for no sort of order can be observed in this out-of-the-world record. I saw him shortly before nine one morning coming down the long hill which terminates at our door, and took him for the postman. Of course I did, and was not to be blamed; no other person except the postman has come over that hill at that hour in the morning in the space of thirty days. The whole family watch for him, and whoever first espies him half a mile off proclaims his discovery loudly. He is the sole means of contact between this house and the world we have left, and brings tidings of it only forty-eight hours old. So when he came nearer, and I saw he was not the postman, I was naturally disposed to treat the pedlar roughly as an impostor; but the morning was bright, the view of mountain and sea glorious, and the man's face one to excite a little interest. It was patient, and told a story of ill-health. He was an Englishman, a worker in glass, originally living at St. Helens, then in Glasgow. There he had a long rheumatic fever, and was wisely advised by the hospital doctor to spend the summer months in the pure air of Ardnamurchan. He has done this for years, and earned the character of an honest, inoffensive man. When winter comes he gets back to Glasgow. It was worth a sixpence, spent on very bad stationery, to get the man's story, and by the time it was told the postman had come up.

He brought not only the usual domestic letters and the newspaper of the day before yesterday, but on this particular morning proofs, a day sooner than it was thought possible they could appear, the MS. having been sent off only five days before. It was queer and pleasant too to carry these proofs after breakfast on board a little 10-ton yacht lying in the bay, and to read in the cockpit, as we ran up to Strontian before a fine fresh breeze, what will be pretty widely scattered over the British Empire before another month has passed. Somehow one feels all the more out of the world for having thus a long thread keeping him in touch with it.

Not that we missed one whit of the splendid scenery in these twelve miles of Loch Sunart. Five minutes' reading prepared for fifteen minutes' gazing on the far reaches of Ben Reispul and Glenfinnan or the exquisitely wooded shores of the Loch. Halfway up, Salen was left in its quiet cove, the water running far enough into a glen to create a little harbour; and on we ran, luxuriating in the sparkling air, and the perfection of motion, conscious that we were getting up a complexion which the pale world would envy when we returned to it, till there came in sight two handsome mansions and a big old Highland inn. The contrast of these houses with the wretched little thatched huts—not so good as many of those depicted in the illustrations of Stanley's book—dotted here and there on the shore was really startling, and not altogether pleasing. The huts, if only they had been a little less mean, seemed more in keeping with the scenery. Perhaps a fine salmon river accounted for the mansions, or property in land, and the inn had an obvious utility both as a home for fishers and a place where travellers might find horses.

Indeed, I do not know what we would have done had that inn not been discovered, for the wind that had brought us up the Loch so pleasantly chose perversely to continue in the same airt, and the narrowness of the Loch and the number of long jutting points made beating out a thing of toil and time, and too much spray for ladies. So the yacht was left to the two young men who could sleep on board, and the drive back to Laga was a new delight. Some of us had driven from Nice to Monte Carlo on the Corniche Road, and from Sorrento to Pompeii along the Bay of Naples; and we agreed that, however different this Highland road might be, we would not henceforth proclaim these others the finest drives in Europe. The groves of birches, the fragrant pines, the glimpses of Morven close at hand, and of Mull and Coll far out at

sea, are not to be forgotten. Comparisons between Scotland and Italy are, of course, absurd; the great thing is the variety of magnificence to be found on this limited planet.

Another excursion is by water to Loch Teachdaish. (Here I give you the sound at once, for you could not be blamed for failing to guess it. It is Tikus—the "i" as in Latin, the "u" a Greek upsilon carefully uttered.) This is a little loch which runs at the back of Ben Gormick, the green hill in Morven fronting our house. The entrance to it is by narrow channels on two sides of the island of Charna, and there you come on seals by the dozen, all very lively. I do believe they come to a whistle—at least one rose close by the boat on a boatswain's whistle being piped, and followed us—at a safe distance. It is extremely probable that you may be longer about this loch than you intended, and may feel the pangs of hunger. In that case, land boldly where you see a hut—there are three of them—and ask for milk. We were met by a smiling and tidy housewife, with a splendid baby in her arms. I could not but relieve her of her burden while she went to get the milk and oatmeal bannocks; and my wife and daughter forgot weariness in seeing the head of the family come round the corner in the guise of a male nurse. The milk was good in itself, and all the sweeter for the laughter.

Does it never rain, you ask, in this blessed land of yours? Of course it does; but did not Kingsley write "Westward Ho!" and Stockton "Rudder Grange," and Scott "The Talisman;" and are not these worth reading twice? Besides, we get a daily newspaper, though it be three days old, and THE SPEAKER and *Blackwood*. Out of the world! Yes; that is the marrow of the fun, to be really out of it and yet to get all the good of it—except ordinary baker's bread, perhaps. There is no baker nearer than Oban, and the steamer brings loaves to the little shops in Salen on Tuesday and Friday evenings. Being in want, we drove the five miles one evening, and found ourselves awfully in the world again. There were half a dozen carts and four carriages waiting at the pier, and a jostling crowd of perhaps fifty persons, reminding one of Charing Cross. But it was soon over, and we avenged ourselves by begging from one of the steamer's officers a newspaper printed that morning in Glasgow!

And the telegraph served us well. The yacht set sail the other morning in a stiff breeze, and at half-past five we knew of her safe arrival in Oban Bay.

Churches? Yes, there are kirks at both Acharacle and Strontian; for ourselves we have been content to worship with some thirty or forty decent folk in an adjacent school-house, where a short English service is added to a fuller Gaelic one.

And that reminds me of what did *not* take place here but in another Highland region where an English service is provided for a few summer visitors. A Lowland minister heard an earnest discourse from the text, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots?" in which the worthy preacher, more familiar with Gaelic than English, freely used "leper" and "leopard" as of the same meaning—as, indeed, the same word. The Lowland brother, thinking to do a kindness, spoke to the preacher after service was over and explained to him that the one word meant a beast with a spotted skin, the other a man under a painful disease. "Wall, wall," said the Highlandman, "it may be that there iss that very fine distinction ye draa between the words. And it allso maybe that ye came to the House of God in a very bad frame of mind, prepared to find fault with the weak instrument. And now will you let me giv' ye wan word for your own soul? It's this: Beware of that terrible spirit of criticism; it'll land ye in all mainner of infidelity." The Lowland minister is a wiser man to-day.

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

XVIII.—Outside a Board School.

I HAVE watched this particular Board school grow. I walked by it every day when the building was mostly scaffolding-poles, and the playground was a wilderness. From constantly seeing it, I came to be interested in it. I wondered why the workmen who were engaged upon it showed so little enthusiasm. When the glass was at last put in all the windows, I think I was more delighted than the glazier. When bills appeared on the walls announcing that the school would be opened in a few days for the reception of children, it was I, and not the foreman of the works, who felt most keenly the joy of completion. The building has a new interest for me now; for it has lately been seeing a good deal of the most delightful children. It is my privilege to see them occasionally as I pass, to notice their fine points, and not to be blind to that which is less admirable in them.

Their chief fault is this—they all show their real individuality in the street. It is in this that they chiefly differ from you, the well-bred member of the upper classes. For in public you are careful to be as much as possible like everybody else; it is only among intimate friends that you offer an individuality for observation—not always your real individuality. They are children, and in this respect they know no better; if, when their education stops, they still have distinct personalities left, they will probably have learned to conceal them, and to conform to a type. Now, in other respects they do sometimes try to reproduce some of the quality and the convictions of the upper classes, and for this we should be thankful. Let me give two instances which I witnessed outside my Board school.

Out from the boys' entrance came a thin lanky boy, with dark hair and eyes, and a yellow complexion. He had apparently been getting himself disliked in the playground. His clothes were dusty, and he was breathless. He stood in the street, leaning against the wall, and brushed himself with one hand in a spiritless fashion. He pulled his cap out of his pocket, and was just going to put it on his head, when he saw a burly boy coming out; then he replaced the cap in his pocket hurriedly, for greater safety, I think.

'Ullo, 'apeny oice!" shouted the big boy as he hurried past. It was a reference to the thin boy's Italian appearance; a tendency to sell ices at low rates in lower places is the characteristic of the Italian in England. The big boy was so big that a retort would have been dangerous. So the wretched, capless, ill-treated creature smiled. It was the smile of policy—the smile that is trying, and failing, to cover a hurt. I have been told that it is sometimes seen among the upper classes.

The big boy vanished, and out came another tormentor—a red-haired boy, small and fat, in a tight blue suit. He took up his position on the kerb-stone opposite to the tormented one, and commenced by saying emphatically:

"Furriner!"

"Sossidge!" was the immediate retort, a reference to the fat boy's fatness.

"Look 'ere," said the small boy with dignity, but very little logical connection, "that ain't your father's 'ouse what you lives in. 'E ain't only got two rooms in it. I knows yer."

This was apparently true and not immediately answerable. The spiritless "furriner" walked slowly away. When he had got a few yards off he was so ill-advised as to turn round and remark once more, "Sossidge!" so the fat boy picked up a stone and threw it at him, and hit him.

On another day I saw a big girl of twelve or thirteen, with an infant sister, waiting outside the girls' entrance. She seemed a good-tempered girl, and very fond of her sister, a grave little child whom she called Hannie. Down the street came another

big girl, leading a little brother, and this couple also waited outside. The two big girls gazed demurely at one another without saying anything. Then they both held up their heads and drew in their lips. It was clear that there was some social barrier between them. But the infants of whom they had charge were too young to understand the beauty of barriers. In a sweet, unreasonable, babyish way, the grave Hannie suddenly smiled, and stretched out her hand to the little boy; the little boy also smiled, and would have spoken if he had not been roughly checked: "You ain't never to speak to that little gel." Her elder sister spanked Hannie for having made overtures, and I do not see what else she could have done. Still, it was a pity she had to do it, because I think she was fond of Hannie.

Two such instances as these should be cheering and comforting. They show that at an early age, and comparatively low down in the social scale, patriotism and our remarkable taste as a nation may display themselves; but they do more than this. They show that the disgrace of poverty and the existence of social distinctions are recognised. "You don't 'ave yer 'air cut at a shop!" is a sneer which I have heard addressed by one boy to a fellow. To a really large mind the poor attempt at economy must have seemed mean. Perhaps this is not a very close parallel to what goes on in the upper classes. The upper classes do not, as the satirist would have us believe, worship great wealth: they only make certain concessions to very great wealth. But the recognition of social distinctions brings the Board-school child very near to the spirit of many delightful people who are her superiors. It is true that the method of conversational attack and retort which prevails among Board-school children is not good; but, in these instances, they certainly showed the want of good feeling which is at the back of most epigrams. They were unkind enough: the wit may follow.

The street games of these children are remarkable. At one time the whip-top prevails, and for weeks not to own a whip-top is a social disability. Then the whip-top disgraces itself in some way, or becomes stale, and its name is not so much as mentioned in the streets. Tip-cat takes its place. There are periods when no one game is in power, and then one sees the charm of variety. The girls and the smaller boys are mostly imitative. They pretend to be anything. That fat, sarcastic boy to whom I have alluded has a marvellous faculty for imitation. One day he careered down the street as a remorseless steam-engine; on the next day he put on his cap inside out and stated that he was John the Baptist. The girls seem to like playing at school best. One girl is the teacher; the rest are divided into two classes, good girls and bad girls. The good girls all sit with their hands folded and assume an exasperatingly meek expression. The teacher tells them that they are a comfort to her, and promises them impossible rewards. The bad girls refuse to sit down, use impertinent language, and run away; the teacher captures them, and spanks them most realistically. One day I walked behind a very little chubby girl of about seven, who was carrying a very large cat. The cat was a dirty white, and not happy; it had an appointment elsewhere, and wanted to be off. "No, you 'on't," its chubby mistress remarked at each fresh struggle. When she arrived at the school she set the big cat down in the middle of the road. "Now, you silly 'ittle fool," she said to it solemnly, "you may go 'ome." The cat trotted off, looking pained and surprised, with its tail erect.

Sometimes I pass the school when there are no children about outside. The windows are open, and I hear a chant of

"Five nines' for' fi',
Five tens' fifty."

Their voices all drop a tone on the last word of each line. Or a question has been asked which I have not been able to hear; I only catch the answering roar of many voices: "Tew-an'-sixpence," and for some reason which I do not know I find myself inventing arithmetical problems to which this answer would be a correct solution. It is often easier to find a question for an answer than an answer for a question.

THE WEEK.

MR. NORMAN LOCKYER has nearly completed the important scientific work on which he has been engaged for more than a year. It will be called "Meteoritic Hypothesis, a statement of the result of spectroscopic enquiry into the origin of Cosmical Systems." It is, in fact, a treatise on the origin of celestial species, based upon the prolonged and careful investigation, by means of the spectroscope, of the physical characteristics of the stars. Many of MR. LOCKYER'S discoveries and conclusions are of a startling, almost of a revolutionary nature, and the book is certain to excite wide interest throughout the scientific world.

MR. ELKIN MATHEWS will publish next month the book by MR. LE GALLIENNE, "George Meredith, Novelist and Poet," which we have already announced. The volume will contain an elaborate bibliography by MR. JOHN LANE, not only of MR. MEREDITH'S works, but also of the best criticisms of them which have appeared in the magazines and reviews. There will also be a note by MR. W. MORTON FULLERTON on the fortune of MR. MEREDITH'S books in America, a portrait of MR. MEREDITH, and an illustration of his *châlet* at Dorking, from a pen-and-ink sketch by his son, MR. W. M. MEREDITH.

MISS MARIANNE NORTH, whose death we notice with unfeigned regret, was a member of a family of which many members have achieved distinction. She was in direct descent from the HON. ROGER NORTH, of Rougham, Norfolk, Attorney-General to the Queen of CHARLES II., and author of "The Lives of the Norths," a valuable work recently published. MISS NORTH'S father, MR. FREDERICK NORTH, of Rougham, was for many years M.P. for Hastings. He died in 1879, leaving, by his marriage with JANET, daughter of SIR JOHN MARJORIBANKS, Bart., M.P. (and widow of ROBERT SHUTTLEWORTH, of Gawthorp Hall, Lancashire), a son and two daughters, the elder of whom is the subject of the present notice, the younger being married to MR. JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. Soon after her father's death MISS NORTH began her travels, devoting herself especially to the study of botany and to the habits and growth of flowers in their native homes. With this object she visited in succession every quarter of the globe, bringing back from each journey not only dried specimens and seeds, but sketches of the spots in which each flower had been found—and in its fullest beauty. Her last voyage was to the Cape of Good Hope, Mauritius, Réunion, etc., and involved a visit to the Seychelles Islands, where she was detained much against her intention for many weeks.

THESE journeyings were undertaken in no spirit of selfish amusement, as the gallery at Kew Gardens which bears her name amply testifies. Some time before her last voyage she had obtained the consent of the then director of Kew Gardens, SIR JOSEPH HOOKER, to erect at her own cost a gallery in which were arranged the flower pictures painted by herself on the various spots indicated. Her wish was that all who cared might learn something of the beauties of nature which she had visited, and of the flowers which were her delight. Her eagerness in the pursuit of her object, her fearlessness of danger, and her devotion to the flower world, led her to scenes which, as they become more accessible, are doomed to disappear before the advance of civilisation. "Such

scenes," said SIR JOSEPH HOOKER, at the opening of the Marianne North Gallery in 1882, "can never be renewed by nature, nor when once effaced can they be pictured to the mind's eye, except by means of such records as the lady has presented to us, and to posterity, which will thus have more reason than ever we have to be grateful for her fortitude as a traveller, her talent and industry as an artist, and her liberality and public spirit."

EVERYBODY believes himself capable of editing a newspaper. Indeed, it is surprising, in face of this well-ascertained fact, that anyone should have thought of starting a "school of journalism" in order to teach that which all the world believes that it knows already. But we now are to have, not a school, but a manual of journalism. MR. PERCY RUSSELL is the ambitious author who proposes to let the general public into all the secrets of the literary craft. Leader-writing, reviewing, dramatic criticism, fiction, and the writing of poetry are among the topics which are to be exhaustively handled in "The Authors' Manual." Verily, the book will be an interesting one, altogether apart from its possible utility.

THE Critics' Club is still in the air; but what the critics will do if they should ever meet together under one roof, no man knows or can hope to know. It might have been thought that the Savage, the Savile, the Whitefriars, and the Arts clubs—not to mention such trivial institutions as the Athenæum and the Reform, in both of which, strange to say, some authors may be found—would have sufficed to accommodate the world of critics. Indeed, this multiplicity of clubs devoted to gentlemen engaged in the pursuit of the gay science might have seemed advantageous. For it is upon record that there have been differences of opinion even in the world of critics, and that sometimes these differences have been of such a nature as to make it desirable in the interests of the community at large that no facilities should be afforded for the conversion of a mere contest of wits into a contest of quite another kind.

"IT has been too long the fashion to regard any consideration of what we eat and drink as beneath the dignity of an intellectual being." These bold words were uttered by the *Standard* the other day. We suppose the fashion does really exist, because the *Standard* says so, and, what is more, means to do away with it. Accordingly, three columns later, we find a large proportion of the usual BISMARCK tattle devoted to the ex-Chancellor's *obiter dicta* on food and drink. "You must drink," he says pleasantly to a deputation from the Kissingen Osteraus' Society; "for one or other of you must make a speech, and champagne gives courage. It has always been so with me. If I had a bottle of Moselle and half one of champagne in my body, I always spoke much more easily at the Reichstag."

THE Prince, amid his anecdotes of Sedan, related that he spent forty hours there without eating or drinking. This was "by accident," we learn. It will be interesting to hear what BISMARCK'S utterances sink to in (let us say) a month's time. He told the Kissingen veterans, on Sunday, that "owing to new inventions, war is becoming more and more murderous." What next?

IT must have been an interesting meeting in the Upper Engadine, that between SIR RICHARD BURTON and MR. STANLEY, the broken veteran who penetrated to the shrine at Mecca, and the hero of the season but six months returned from crossing Africa. LADY BURTON'S account of it in the *Morning Post* affords some curious reading. "MR. STANLEY," she says, "stood quite still, and stared at me with eyes that seemed of glass or stone, as if he did not see me, for at least two minutes. I also stood quite still, and felt by instinct that this peculiarity is the effect of absolute shyness, and not from *hauteur*, and I have often remarked it in travellers fresh from the desert. We think we never met a man so modest, so unwilling to talk of himself and achievements. . . ."

ON one point LADY BURTON is so vague as almost to be exasperating. "MR. STANLEY is also possessed in the highest degree of another quality of the desert which is given to few only, and which also distinguishes my husband from other men—a sixth sense, an intuitive perception which unveils all that surrounds you, however hidden; *hence, to mention one small item, lying or intriguing: it is like the gambol of an elephant*, and one can scarcely help laughing in the face of anyone who attempts it." What *can* this mean? Why "hence"? Why are lying and intriguing "one small item"? Who lied, or intrigued, on the Upper Engadine? and why was it like the gambol of an elephant? Whatever happened, the two most picturesque of men since GEORGE BORROW'S death have met face to face. By the way, GEORGE BORROW, like MR. STANLEY, was prematurely white-haired. We wonder if it has anything to do with the "sixth sense," which BORROW also possessed, if any man.

THE present rage for having one's portrait painted is good for the artists, but not wholly good. The strain on a painter of vogue is becoming terrible. It killed HOLL, and it seems to have killed MR. HARRY BALDRY, the fecundity of whose brush, though not apparent in the galleries (he sent but one portrait to Burlington House this year), was dismally illustrated by the evidence given at the inquest. He was only twenty-four; yet the strain of his work drove him to complain of "queer feelings in the head," of "the sensation of going mad," and to play his violoncello sometimes "as if he were trying to tear the instrument into pieces." He was earning almost £4,000 a year, and shot himself. We have lost, then, three artists within a very few days—HARRY BALDRY, ALICE HAVERS, and C. W. COPE, R.A.; the two former by sad ends enough, the latter full of years. But he was an R.A., and this is no time to discuss his painting.

MR. TUKE and MR. AYERST INGRAM, two prominent members of the Cornish school, are just opening an exhibition of their sketches at Plymouth. The art critic of the *Sunday Times* writes upon this that "the Cornish artists, having now crossed the border, may be expected to annex Devonshire, which is not rich in artists nowadays, though it could boast of a very different state of things a century ago, when REYNOLDS and NORTHCOTE were only two of a cluster of Devonian luminaries, and Cornwall had only the very second-rate OPIE to set against them." This would be all very well if there were a single Cornishman of eminence among the "Cornish artists."

As a matter of fact, Cornwall now, as always, has been barren of artistic sons. She has none among her "worthies" but "the very second-rate OPIE and BONE;" and it has been reserved for "foreigners" (as she would call them) to catch her distinctive and fascinating colour. The "Newlynites" are men of other countries, and their teaching comes from France. It is curious that the swarms of artists who overrun every nook of that corner of the land should provoke no spirit of emulation in its inhabitants. But the local feeling, perhaps, may be illustrated by a remark made the other day by a Polperro man. "Look at my face," he said; "small-pox, do 'ee call

it? No, niver had it; 'tis the wear an' tear. You're the thirty-second artist chap that's had a dig at my face. Simme this here town 'd better strike for a close time, same as the gulls."

THE fountain which MR. CHILDS, of Philadelphia, has so generously erected in the market-place of Stratford-on-Avon is, like every other modern monument to SHAKESPEARE in that town, at once trivial and fussy. But this does not appear to be the reason why LORD SACKVILLE, who is lord of the manor there, had made a claim for encroachment rent in respect of this memorial. It stands in the middle of the Rother Market, as it is called, a broad, open space in the centre of the town, where the public market has been held now for six hundred years. After a lengthy correspondence, his lordship says that if only the Town Council will admit his right to levy the rent, and will ask him not to enforce it under the circumstances, he may accede to their request. This is kind; but the Councillors argue that LORD SACKVILLE might as well levy rent on every lamp-post in the town. Perhaps it is only his lordship's little revenge on America for the very dirty trick she played him at the last Presidential election.

WHY cannot the librettists of comic opera take the trouble to write good lyrics? MR. GILBERT is a shining exception. His verses are as amusing to read as they are to hear. MR. BURNAND is a humorist too; but his songs in *Captain Thérèse* are very poor stuff. Even an adapter need not do his work in this perfunctory way. There may be nothing very inspiring to comic genius in M. PLANQUETTE'S operas, but literary self-respect should not be entirely strange to journeymen rhymesters.

MR. T. W. RUSSELL has unwittingly done the Nationalists a service. He has collected subscriptions for the relief of MICHAEL RYAN, who has been boycotted for three years. The public are not permitted to know how much money he has received, for MR. RUSSELL thinks he "ought not to satisfy RYAN'S enemies by the publication of any balance-sheet." Very good. But how often has MR. RUSSELL denounced the League for not publishing their accounts? In future let him practise a little consistency by acknowledging their right not to satisfy their enemies by printing a balance-sheet.

THE University of Melbourne appears to be in a sore dilemma between the individual rights of its professors on the one hand and "the fear o' the folk" on the other. At a recent meeting attention was called to the fact that "one of the professors had appeared on the public platform to advocate the programme of a society calling itself the Sunday Liberation Society." Sabbatarian and anti-Sabbatarian were of one mind respecting this flagrant indiscretion, and joined in laying it down that "no professor of theirs should voluntarily come into collision with the views or even with the prejudices of an influential section of the community." But the disapproval excited by PROFESSOR JENKS was nothing to the dismay aroused when PROFESSOR LAURIE actually asked leave to lecture on "The Teaching of Morality in State Schools." DR. MEDDEN: "This sounds very dangerous." MR. HIGGINS: "The subject will introduce both politics and religion." The Chancellor: "If the professors are allowed to promulgate opinions at variance with the opinions of denominations, we may have some of the most important denominations withdrawing from the University."

HARDLY had it been resolved unanimously that the lecture should not be delivered, when the question cropped up again in the shape of an application from PROFESSOR MORRIS to lecture on three literary subjects which he feared might not improbably oblige him to allude to the future life. This was received more graciously, DR. CUTTS pointing out "there was a wide difference between making allusion to politics or religion in the form of an allusion to the future life and a man deliberately appearing in public to set himself in opposition to the cherished views of any considerable section of the community." The Bishop, who had shown himself inexorably hostile to morality in all its branches, quite agreed with this, and the Professor got his permission—under a restriction which he had previously stated would prevent his lecturing at all. Three morals seem deducible from this little discussion—that democracy and liberty are by no means convertible terms; that it is much easier to decree that an institution shall be neutral and undenominational than to insure its being so; and that religion and morality cannot be excluded from life even with the assistance of a Bishop.

SURREY, three times beaten, heads the cricket counties this year; though two Notts batsmen have the highest individual averages. Notts, which has for so many years been the strongest of the counties, stands fifth, not because its veterans have lost their cunning (though BARNES THE GREAT has fallen from his pedestal), nor because its "colts" are weak, but because it lets its most promising young players "qualify" for other counties. SHARPE of Surrey, the one cricketer who has come to the front this year, is a Notts man; and so is LOCKWOOD, who helped him to overthrow the lace county. Of the other counties, the progress of Kent is noteworthy; and Gloucestershire, with WOOF, has done so well that there is no saying what it may do with MR. FERRIS, who talks of settling in Bristol. Sussex, no longer the county it was in the days when cricket was played in long hats, has gone down dolefully; and Somerset, which has had a season of remarkable triumphs, ought to play (but will not be allowed) next year as a first-class county. "W. G." and LOHMANN are, to-day, the two best all-round cricketers in England, which, with so many splendid batsmen and bowlers, has scarcely half a dozen men who are both. As for the Australians, they have had few cablegrams to send home.

MR. BARING GOULD, with the "happy ending" for his text, once asked the public to remember the story of "Compère Mathieu," in the second last chapter of which the hero is awaiting the erection of the gallows, while in the last chapter he is shown (without explanation) rich and comfortable. The author admitted that he did not know how the tragedy had been averted. He had been warned that the public insists on happy endings, and so he had obliged. MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED has improved, however, on the Frenchman. To "Under the Gum Tree," a capital collection of Colonial sketches just published, she contributes a stirring story of bush life. It is about a half-caste, TOMMY, who steals a native bride. Her relatives (and other enemies) come down on TOMMY for this, and in the second last page we read how the blacks "speared him, and then cut his body into small pieces, and each black carried a piece on the point of his spear as a trophy. Such was the tragedy of our half-caste storeman, who, like many another hero, had lost his life through fatal love for a woman." In the next page, however (and not even with the French author's explanation), we are listening to "the joyous peals of the Christmas rejoicings, in which we three white people, and even AH-FAT and TOMMY, joined with heartfelt praise and thankfulness." And so all's well that ends well.

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

MESSRS. HUDSON BROTHERS, like wise men, have determined to withdraw the obnoxious sky-sign which they hung almost athwart the best view of the dome of St. Paul's. They will not be the losers by this step, which indicates—as a *Times* writer innocently puts it—the possession on their part of "an unselfishness rare among business men." But what about the larger question, to which we have ventured to call attention—the question of those vast hoardings covered with coloured placards—mammoth representations of more or less naked women—which meet the eye at every turn, and "kill" so many of the best views in London? London, after all, belongs to the people of London, and it is time that they bestirred themselves, and declared that this vile business of the pictorial advertisement shall not be allowed utterly to destroy the beauty and picturesqueness of their great city.

THE SMALL PEOPLE.

To a Lady who had asked for a Fairy Tale.

YOU thought it natural, my dear lady, to lay this command on me at the dance last night. We had parted, two months ago, in London, and we met, unexpectedly and to music, in this corner of the land where (they say) the piskies still keep. And certainly, when I led you out upon the balcony (that you might not see the new moon through glass and lose a lucky month), it was not hard to picture the Small People at their play on the turf and among the dim flower-beds below us. But, as a matter of fact, they are dead, these Small People. They were the long-lived but not immortal spirits of the folk who inhabited Cornwall many thousands of years back—far beyond Christ's birth. They were "poor innocents," not good enough for heaven yet too good for the eternal fires; and when they first came, were of ordinary stature. But after Christ's birth they began to grow smaller and smaller, and at length turned into emmets and vanished from the earth.

The last I heard of them was a sad and serious little history, very different from the old legends. Part of it I was told by a hospital surgeon, of all people in the world. Part I learnt by looking at your beautiful gown last night, as you leant on the balcony-rail. You remember how heavy the dew was, and that I fetched a shawl for your shoulders. You did not wrap it so tightly round but that four marguerites in gold embroidery showed on the front of your bodice; and these come into the tale, the remainder of which I was taught this morning before breakfast, down among the cairns by the sea where the Small People's Gardens still remain—sheltered spots of green, with here and there some ferns and cliff-pinks left. For me they are libraries where sometimes I read for a whole summer's day; and with the help of the hospital surgeon, I bring you from them a story about your ball-gown which is perfectly true.

Twenty years ago—before the fairies had dwindled into ants, and when wayfarers were still used to turn their coats inside out after nightfall, for fear of being "pisky-led"—there lived, down at the village, a girl who knew all the secrets of the Small People's Gardens. Where you and I discover sea-pinks only, and hear only the wash of the waves, she would go on midsummer nights and find flowers of every colour spread, and hundreds of little lights moving among them, and fountains and waterfalls and swarms of small ladies and gentlemen, dressed in green and gold, walking and sporting among them, or reposing on the turf and telling stories to the most ravishing soft music. This was as much as she would relate; but it is certain that the piskies were friends of hers. For, in spite of her nightly wanderings, her housework was always well and cleanly done before other girls were dressed—the morning milk fresh in the dairy, the step sanded, the fire lit and the scalding-pans warming over it. And as for her needlework, it was a wonder.

Some said she was a changeling; others that she had found the four-leaved clover or the fairy ointment, and rubbed her eyes with it. But it was her own secret; for whenever the people tried to follow her to the "Gardens," *whir! whir! whir!* buzzed in their ears, as if a flight of bees were passing, and every limb would feel as if stuck full of pins and pinched with tweezers, and they were rolled over and over, their tongues tied as if with cords, and at last, as soon as they could manage, they would pick themselves up, and hobble home for their lives.

Well, the history—which, I must remind you, is a true one—goes on to say that in time the girl grew ambitious, or fell in love (I cannot remember which), and went to London. In any case it must have been a strong call that took her: for there are no fairies in London. I regret that my researches do not allow me to tell you how the Small People at home took her departure; but we will suppose that it grieved them deeply. Nor can I say precisely how the girl fared for many years. I think her fortune contained both joy and sorrow for a while; and I suspect that many passages of her life would be sadly out of place in this story, even if they could be hunted out. Indeed, fairy-tales have to omit so much nowadays, and therefore seem so antiquated, that one marvels how they could ever have been in fashion.

But you may take it as sure that in the end this girl met with more sorrow than joy; for when next she comes into sight it is in London streets and she is in rags. Moreover, though she wears a flush on her cheeks, above the wrinkles, it does not come of health or high spirits, but perhaps from the fact that in the twenty years' interval she has seen millions of men and women, but not one single fairy.

In those latter days I met her many times. She passed under your windows, shortly before dawn, on the night that you gave your dance, early in the season. You saw her, I think?—a woman who staggered a little, and had some words with the policeman at the corner: but, after all, a staggering woman in London is no such memorable sight. All day long she was seeking work, work, work; and after dark she sought forgetfulness. She found the one, in small quantities, and out of it she managed to buy the other, now and then, over the counter. But she had long given up looking for the fairies. The lights along the Embankment had ceased to remind her of those in the Small People's Gardens; nor did the noise bursting from music-hall doors as she passed, recall the old sounds; and as for the scents, there were plenty in London, but none resembling that of the garden which you might smell a mile out at sea.

I told you that her needlework had been a marvel when she lived down at the village. Curiously enough, this was the one gift of the fairies that stayed by her, and it remained as wonderful as ever. Her most frequent employer was a flat-footed Jew with a large, fleshy face; and because she had a name for honesty, she was not seldom entrusted with costly pieces of stuff, and allowed to carry them home to turn into ball-dresses under the roof through the gaps of which, as she stitched, she could see the night pass from purple to black, and from black to the lilac of daybreak. There, with a hundred pounds' worth of silk and lace on her knee, she would sit and work a dozen hours to earn as many pence. With fingers weary and—— But you know Hood's song, and no doubt have taken it to heart a dozen times.

It came to this, however, that one evening, when she had not eaten for forty hours, her employer gave her a piece of embroidery to work against time. The fact is, my dear lady, that you are very particular about having your commissions executed to the hour, and your dressmakers are anxious to oblige, knowing that you never squabble over the price. To be sure, you have never heard of the flat-footed Jew man—how should you? And we may believe that your dressmakers knew just as

little of the poor woman who had used to be the friend of the Small People. But the truth remains that, in the press of your many pleasures, you were pardonably twenty-four hours late in ordering the gown in which you were to appear an angel.

Ah, madam! will it comfort you to hear that *you* were the one to reconcile the Small People with that poor sister of yours who had left them, twenty years before, and wanted them so sorely? The hospital doctor gave her complaint a long name, and I gather that it has a place by itself in books of pathology. But the woman's tale was that, after she had been stitching through the long night, the dawn came through the roof and found her with four marguerites still left to be embroidered in gold on the pieces of satin that lay in her lap. She threaded her needle afresh, rubbed her weary eyes, and began—when, lo! a miracle.

Instead of one hand, there were four at work—four hands, four needles, four lines of thread. *The four marguerites were all being embroidered at the same time!* The piskies had forgiven, had remembered her at last, after these many years, and were coming to her help, as of old. Ah, madam, the tears of thankfulness that ran from her hot eyes and fell upon those golden marguerites of yours!

Of course her eyes were disordered. There was only one flower, really. There was only one embroidered in the morning, when they found her sobbing, with your bodice still in her lap, and took her to the hospital; and that is why the dressmakers failed to keep faith with you for once, and made you so angry.

Dear lady, the piskies are not easily summoned, in these days. Q.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE ARMENIAN ATROCITIES.

Sir,—As a profound admirer of the Armenian nation, I beg to thank you most cordially for your spirited paragraph in this week's Speaker. The articles which lately appeared in some of your contemporaries are certainly not very creditable to English journalism, as they mimic in sober earnest those defences to which we are accustomed in the reports of the police courts. Our Tory friends, too, keep drawing a parallel between the Bulgarian atrocities and those perpetrated in Turkish Armenia. They forget, however, that the cry thus raised proved the means of delivering a Christian people from insufferable despotism and oppression. In fact, they simply stultify themselves by invoking Bulgaria.

In 1878, Patriarch Khrimian, accompanied by his patriotic secretary, Mr. Minasse Tchéraz, now editor of *L'Arménie*, visited the various governments of Europe with a hope of redressing the grievances of his people. This was on the occasion of the Berlin Congress. On his return, when he was upbraided with the failure of his mission, he retorted that the members of the Congress had iron spoons to ladle out the broth with, but that *his* spoon was a mere paper one, and proved inefficient. Yet this paper spoon is getting gradually endorsed by the *élite* of civilised Europe. Every month *L'Arménie* publishes letters of sympathy from scholars who know what the Armenians have achieved and are still capable of achieving. Surely an ignorant and sensual savage, like the present oppressor of Armenian nationality, cannot much longer hold his own against such a consensus of intelligent opinion, and a "bag-and-baggage" exodus is his impending fate. Turcophile Tories had better pause before they commit themselves any further.—I remain, sir, your obedient servant, G. A. Schrumpf.

University College, W.C., August 30th, 1890.

THE NEXT HOME RULE BILL.

Sir,—Will you allow me to point out to your correspondent E. D. that there is no valid reason why Mr. Gladstone or anyone else should at present authoritatively state the details of the Home Rule Measure which the Liberal party hope to pass in the next Parliament? Mr. Gladstone exercises, doubtless, a powerful influence, even when not a Minister of the Crown; but any expression of his opinion on the details of Home Rule now could only possess a non-official value. General principles are all, on any subject like this, that a recognised leader of a party not in office could with propriety enunciate. I shall not go so far as to affirm that with the measure in its details Mr. Gladstone will have nothing to do. However, in a democratic State, which ours has happily become, it is the people who make the laws, and not any individual, although experienced and honoured as Mr. Gladstone is. It is for the electors of the country to make up their mind as to the form which Home Rule must take, and it will only remain for Mr. Gladstone to observe the general drift of public opinion, and express that in the form of a Bill. Let the constituencies discuss the proposal, and let a mandate be given to the next Parliament such as cannot be misunderstood, and we may rest assured that Home Rule will be neither more nor less than the majority approve and desire.

Few have observed that the question of the retention or non-retention of the Irish representatives at Westminster forms a dilemma on the horns of which it is not necessary for us to impale ourselves. The Irish Members must neither go nor stay, and this difficulty will settle itself by an inevitable law, Mr. Gladstone's unfortunate dictum—that it passes the wit of man to determine what matters are Imperial and what domestic—notwithstanding. H. R.

National Liberal Club, 1st September, 1890.

"NEW DEVELOPMENTS IN VACCINATION."

Sir,—Having been a witness before the Royal Commission on the subject of vaccination, I may claim to know a little in a special manner on this vexed question. And it is in that capacity that I wish to offer a few words in criticism of the article by Sir Henry Roscoe, in your last issue.

It is now often stated that the practice of inoculation, which was the predecessor and the precedent for our vaccination, was not the fatal thing that experience has proved it to be everywhere it has been used. The article that I am criticising takes the same tone. It says inoculation never became general, either in this country or elsewhere, and for a very good reason. The very opposite is true—that inoculation of small-pox was general here, and in the East away back to a great antiquity, and is now the *one special difficulty* that the Indian Government has, in the spread of the rival and more recent practice of vaccination.

This same practice is the difficulty in the way of the attempts of the French Government to spread the practice of vaccination in the colony of Tonquin, and also in the colony of Algeria. In the latter colony it is inoculation of small-pox that is the present popular practice, and vaccination is the unpopular one. To so great an extent was this fatal practice carried, that Moore, the friend of Jenner, and the historian of the small-pox, went so far as to say that it had caused the sacrifice of "millions of lives." And while no doubt this is an exaggeration, it must not be forgotten that it was an expression that was not used by a layman, but by this student of the ravages of the disease. Had this fatal and superstitious practice been out of the way, we should not have the later one to combat. It was the adoption of it that caused a good deal of the excessive mortality by small-pox last century. If your contributor had read the work of Professor Cruickshank on this subject he would have been more careful and accurate in his statements.

What, for instance, can he mean by this?—"While the death-rate from small-pox was formerly 100, it does not now reach four or five"? I must confess that unless there is a misprint, this is a most amazing statement that I find it impossible to understand. Formerly 100 what? Not surely 100 deaths in a hundred cases? No one could possibly say so. What is it? And yet of this so extraordinary a statement the writer says, "about this there can be no manner of doubt." Perhaps *The Gondoliers* is responsible for the quotation, and it slipped in thoughtlessly. The fact is, and I have verified it by the most careful collation of the facts, that the fatality from the small-pox is not much different in our day to what it was in the pre-Jennerian days, until—and this is the point—the hospital accommodation had almost outgrown the needs of our huge metropolis. While the accommodation was short of the needs, the fatality of the disease was from 18 to 23 per cent. of the cases. And that it was of old. Some of the old hospitals quoted by the Baron van Swieten, long before Jenner, gave as small a fatality as any of our own day.

The next thing that I have to complain of is almost incredible in its carelessness. The writer says, "Nor is it my purpose to inquire whether immunity is or is not granted for life by infant vaccination. . . . Up to recent times the immunity—*the truth of which even the most advanced anti-vaccinationist must admit*, if capable of giving an opinion at all on the subject—has been a unique as well as unexplained fact in medical science." This is simply a tradition, and not a fact at all. Let me show what I mean. We are, let us remember, to see that vaccination confers an immunity from small-pox. This is the record of fact, made by medical men themselves:—In the old Small-pox Hospital of London, there were admitted from 1836 to 1851 over 5,600 patients, and of these more than 3,000 were vaccinated. In the same hospital in the following years up to 1867 there were admitted 7,900 patients, and of these 7,300 were *vaccinated*. In the orphan homes at Bristol in the 1871 epidemic 293 orphans had the small-pox, and *all* of them were vaccinated. In the London hospitals of the Asylums Board they have had more than 53,000 patients, and of this immense number no fewer than 41,000 have been medically recorded as vaccinated. And so I could go on, not for our own towns in England alone, but for Continental and American towns, until I had a great total of 130,000 cases, and had produced a total of medically recorded

vaccinated patients to the extent of 81,000! And then the world is to be told that I and my friends do not dispute the *immunity* given by vaccination! I never remember to have had to answer so reckless a statement. I do not quite follow the reason for introducing the Pasteurian inoculations into this discussion, and so pass them by.

I am the more inclined to do so as in the *résumé* of them the author does verily seem to have allowed "the scientific imagination full scope for running riot;" for let me ever so humbly suggest that the Pasteurian inoculations are not vaccinations at all as we understand our enforced practice. We have not in them "a few drops of lymph," but a cultivated disease that has been stated in full detail to have given no immunity from death in 161 cases. If, again, the writer had only taken the trouble to study Professor Cruickshank, he would have seen reason for doubting that the position of the two practices was at all alike.

But that is aside from my mark. I am concerned simply to protest in the most earnest manner against being misrepresented. What we affirm, and what we prove by the most irrefutable statistics, is this:—

The great bulk of modern small-pox is in vaccinated persons. And they bear every sort and degree of vaccination. Good marks offer no protection from an attack or death, nor from the most loathsome forms of the disease. Our youth are confessed to be heavy sufferers from small-pox. And the young up to ten years enjoy no immunity in consequence of their vaccination. As in Leicester, so in other places, the saving that we enjoy from deaths by small-pox, as compared with a bygone time, is due, not to vaccination, but to sanitation and the better carrying out of the duties that an enlightened time has placed upon our health authorities. Our towns are cleaner, are less offensive, and more airy than of old. We have a water supply and a scavenging system that have cost many a million of public money. The return for this is found in the lessened incidence of fevers, small-pox included. In Leicester it is impossible to avoid this contention, and the resort is to prophesy a future epidemic. But the epidemic is long a coming, and the vaccinations are almost abandoned in that town. This triumph of sanitation in Leicester is a fact full of importance. It must be met and not avoided. The secret of Nature is that well-being and health are to be had by an expenditure of toil and labour, and perseverance in them. There is no royal road to well-being through superstition and inoculation. It lies through the homely toil inseparable from cleanliness, be it municipal or domestic, and can only be maintained by following the old advice to keep place and person clean and pure. This is the real "new development" that all professors should encourage as the true road to local and national well-being.—I am, yours truly,

Darlington, 1st September, 1890. ALEX. WHEELER.

THUNDER AND ITS ACCOMPANIMENTS.

SIR,—Reading your paper on "Thunder," I am reminded of a passage in *Hamlet* which has always seemed to me one of extreme power and beauty; but it is seldom if ever quoted, probably because it comes into the players' rehearsal, which is, and is intended to be, stilted and ranting. I mean the following lines, from Act II., Scene 2:—

> "But, as we often see, against some storm,
> A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
> The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
> As hush as death: anon the dreadful thunder
> Doth rend the region."

The general heaviness and stillness which portends a thunderstorm prevails over a considerable time and space, and is a matter of the commonest observation. But that brief instant of utter silence and stillness (probably confined to a small space) which sometimes precedes a violent burst of lightning very near at hand, is, according to my observation, very rare. It is that which the writer on thunder, and Shakespeare, have observed. I may add that when I have seen it, the outbreak of lightning and thunder has been accompanied by a blast of wind which (again only for an instant) sways the trees all in one direction at once. That is an effect very powerfully given in one of Gaspar Poussin's landscapes in the National Gallery. My own observations are worth nothing, but the passage from *Hamlet* is worth a good deal. H.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE.
Friday, Sept. 5th, 1890.

CHARLES READE, whom the stage fascinated and repelled all his life (as it affects many who know it well), said that every imaginative youth falls in love with an actress once, and fools a second time. Perhaps some novelists of to-day would substitute play-writing for actress. Nearly all have written one drama, very few have written two. But most only jilted the jade after she refused to have them.

She ran away from Charles Gibbon, one may say, at the altar. He wrote a play, *For the King*, and the night before it was to be produced at Glasgow the theatre was burned down. Mr. Gibbon then made a novel of it, which was afterwards "adapted" by others. To convert a play into a novel was in those days very uncommon, unless (*David Garrick* is the exception) when the play was rejected (or lost at a stage-door). Nowadays the process is popular because the play's title on every hoarding is a magnificent advertisement for a book with the same title. "Pears' Soap; or, Change Here for St. John's Wood" (3 vols.), is probably in the press.

The literary man who had it in him to write good plays would probably accept no rebuff, but wade on through the mud until he reached the "author's box." Wanting the theatrical capacity (which is the dramatic, and more), he may at least have the satisfaction of seeing his stories made plays of by smaller men. Even this is apparently a pleasure if, Mr. Hardy would say, the indebtedness is owned. When Dickens saw Mr. Toole as the Artful Dodger he thought it "better than the book;" and, indeed, if the interviewers speak true, this is the compliment paid by all novelists (and refused by the rest of the public) to the actor who "creates" their hero.

Sir Walter, if one's memory is not at fault, saw none of his novels on the stage save "Rob Roy." If he were alive to-day he would doubtless be looking forward, like many other persons, to the next "first night" at the Lyceum. James Ballantyne would be with him, for James "devoted much of his time to dramatic criticism."

"The Bride of Lammermoor" is Scott's *Romeo and Juliet*. Yet, though the two tragedies have much in common, the interested outsider can see that Mr. Irving's Edgar Ravenswood should have many of the excellencies that his Romeo lacked. Romeo is always the boy, while Edgar is a man before his time—passionate, *dour*, proud, stately. Tragedy is hanging over him from his birth, while Romeo made his tragedy for himself. Mr. Irving's voice was never the voice of Romeo, but it may well be the voice of the last master of Ravenswood brooding over his wrongs in Wolf's Crag in company of the evil fiend, "under whose malignant influence the future tissue of incidents was woven." "The Bride of Lammermoor" is far from being Scott's greatest novel, but Edgar is his most romantic figure, and long after we have forgotten every other "hero" of the Waverley series, we see this ill-fated youth riding forth to meet Lucy's brother in the direction of the Kelpie's Flow. With Caleb we see him "reach the fatal spot," and then "the figure becomes invisible as if it had melted into the air." There is perhaps no other such tragic disappearance in fiction—there is certainly none in drama.

The blot on the novel will probably be a gain to the play, and so might be studied with advantage by aspirants who are not yet quite sure of the difference between novel-writing and play-writing. When "The Bride of Lammermoor" (what a suggestive title it is!) was first published there was a general outcry against the extravagantly farcical scenes of which Caleb Balderstone is the hero. William Laidlaw, who acted now and again as Scott's amanuensis, seems, it is true, to have revelled in them, for even while he wrote them down "he could not suppress exclamations of surprise and delight, 'Gude keep us a'! the like o' that! eh, sirs! eh, sirs!'" But the author allowed that "on the southern side of the Tweed" Caleb's raid on the Cooper's kitchen was

called grotesque and absurd. He defends it by saying that the thing really happened, but that is no defence. Caleb, whom some English readers are said to consider a bore, is splendidly conceived, and quite as good a character as Edie Ochiltree himself. But he has the ill-luck to appear in the wrong book. His farcical attempts to uphold the dignity of the Ravenswoods by petty theft would be diverting in a happier story, but they are too obtrusive in a tragedy. Again and again they imperil the master's dignity, and undeniably they take away from the effect of Lucy's visit to Wolf's Crag. They even spoil the thunderstorm. When we should see nothing but the unnatural meeting of the sworn foes in the great hall of the ruin, we must listen to Caleb on tarts and flams. Edgar has to stand aside and look foolish in our eyes; he whose dignity should never be more impressive than at this moment. So long as only Bucklaw is the guest Caleb's energies amuse us, but he should retire with the entry of Lucy and Sir William Ashton. Ravenswood loses our sympathies by showing himself Caleb-ridden. We feel that the master really ordered his servant to begone, and made him go.

But Mr. Mackintosh (one of the few actors who can be Scotch without wearing tartan trousers and saying "Bang went saxpence whatever") should make much of Caleb at the Lyceum, partly because Mr. Irving is the prince of stage-managers, and will therefore see to it that this intrusive serving-man keeps his place; and partly because what is bad art in fiction may be good art on the stage. In a play tragedy needs relief. Seen before us, it is more vivid than when we have to picture it for ourselves. We should know that something terrible is to happen, but it should come upon us like the lightning flash on a thundery day, which is most fearsome because we do not have it long enough to begin to breathe freely. The comedy that follows only makes the flash more memorable by contrast. The comedy that precedes lets the flash take us unawares (though we should feel that some disaster is impending). If the two are jumbled together, both, of course, lose their effect, but it is noticeable in many of the greatest plays they tread on each others' heels. Even if some of Caleb's doings are farce rather than comedy this need not spoil the play, for on the stage broad effects are required. Mr. Irving knows that they must not be too broad, or degenerate into foolery such as one can only escape in the dinner scene in *David Garrick* by running out of the building.

Until her bridal day there was little character in Lucy Ashton. She loved Edgar, whom she had already met in story-books, and we may pass her by with the pleasant knowledge that no one on the stage can love and be made love to like Miss Terry. What a Lucy she will make we can guess; but Mr. Merivale and Mr. Terriss have an awkward character in Bucklaw. If he had been a villain they would have no difficulty with him. Had he been a Tony Lumpkin all would be easy. His Scotchness will add to the trouble. On the stage a character who is neither "sympathetic" nor bad tends to be colourless unless he has a good deal to say or do. Bucklaw's best scene in the novel is where he and Edgar try to kill each other and then swear friendship. That is the key to Bucklaw's character, but in the play there may be no space for it.

As to how Mr. Merivale has written his play, and how it is to be produced, we have no knowledge. If the terrible scene, which Scott in his wisdom leaves us to imagine, where Lucy stabs Bucklaw, is acted before us, the tragedy of the Kelpie's Flow will be almost an anti-climax. If we do not see it, Miss Terry will lose her greatest opportunity. Possibly there is a surprise in store. Lucy may go down in the Kelpie's Flow with her lover. Stage-managed as it will be at the Lyceum this should be a wonderful picture. The outsider can only see the difficulties. Edgar was on his horse. Horses have never yet appeared on the stage to real (as opposed to "realistic") effect. But one has faith in Mr. Irving.

Unhappy thought! Within a few days after we have wondered at the scene some reporter will tell us "how it is done!"

Some managers would improve on Scott's ending by sending the audience away happy. The public likes to make believe that heroes and heroines not only marry in the end but live on for ever, and you endanger the success of a work of fiction by so much as hinting that they were succeeded by their sons and daughters. So the wise dramatist leaves Amy Robsart in her lover's arms (Varney goes down the trap instead). Probably there will be versions of "The Bride of Lammermoor" yet, in which the Kelpie's Flow is reserved for Lady Ashton.

Those who may think that nothing can be easier than to adapt "The Bride of Lammermoor," may note that it contains thirty-four chapters, and that the whole play can be barely the length of four of them.

J. M. B.

REVIEWS.

CAPITAL AND INTEREST.

CAPITAL AND INTEREST. By E. V. Böhm-Bawerk. Translated by William Smart. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

THIS volume, which Mr. Smart has done us the service of translating into clear, intelligible English, is part of the great work of the economist who stands in the forefront of the Austrian attack on the so-called Historical School. The liberators have themselves become tyrants. Led by men like Held and Schmoller in Germany, like Cliffe Leslie in England, the younger students rose against the dominance of Ricardo and Mill. They flung themselves against the hide-bound formulas of their predecessors, and, in their impatience to free themselves, against other formulas as well. And now reaction has set in.

It would be impossible here to attempt to adjudicate on the merits of the rival schools. That would be too long a task. But there is one test to which both must submit, and that we will apply in the present instance. The test is that of utility; and the question we may ask relates to the utility of the work under our consideration. It may be viewed from different standpoints. There can be no doubt, for instance, that it contains much skilful criticism, that it supplies the scientific economist with a much-needed chapter in the history of economic theory. But does it do more than this? Does it enable us to make any advance towards the solution and understanding of present economic difficulties? To require that a book should do this is certainly to make a large demand. In this case we are happy to think the demand is met, at any rate, in part. Still more is this the case, and still more satisfactorily does this appear, when the present is read in conjunction with the second volume, which contains more positive doctrine and less criticism. What can be said here about their contents centres round two points. The volume before us furnishes the ablest criticism of that particular theory of value which was elaborated by Karl Marx. The great Socialist's teaching was that, as value was the result of labour, labour should alone partake of value. The initial haziness as to the precise meaning of the term labour has often been noticed, but Professor Böhm-Bawerk points out with unmistakable lucidity the additional error involved in terming effort the sole cause of value. Value depends upon demand cr

economic desire, and articles which have been produced by very little labour may be in great demand and possess a high value. Of course this has been criticised before, but never with such directness and in so much detail. In this sense the book is a blast against Socialism; but let the Socialist take heart; it is only a blast against Socialism based on a mistaken theory. Socialism has undoubtedly stronger arguments to bring forward, and a surer foundation on which to build.

The second point of importance of which Professor Böhm-Bawerk treats is the reason for the payment of interest. In the first volume, indeed, he only makes the way clear for the more exhaustive treatment which this subject receives in his second volume. It would be unwise to attempt a full presentation of the theory which he offers, at the end of a review of a book which only permits a glimpse of what is in the author's mind. And as, to fully defend our procedure, it would be impossible to compress his arguments into such very short compass as remains, we must content ourselves with stating that it consists chiefly in the skilful analysis of the difference existing between a hundred pounds now and a hundred pounds in, let us say, a year's time. Are they of precisely the same value? That is the question to which our author addresses himself in the second volume, which has not been as yet presented to the English-reading public. In this, the first, volume he does little more than subject the previous theories of interest to a keen and searching criticism, attacking in particular the doctrine, associated with the name of Senior, which regards interest as a payment for the abstinence undergone by the person who saves. His onslaught is vigorous and his blows are trenchant; but we cannot but think that he fails to allow enough for the consideration that the fresh facilities afforded by advancing years with their progress render the accumulation of a certain amount of capital easier than before. The doctrine of abstinence thus viewed is more in harmony with that which he himself advances.

VON HARTMANN'S ESSAYS.

KRITISCHE WANDERUNGEN DURCH DIE PHILOSOPHIE DER GEGENWART. Von Ed. von Hartmann. Leipzig. 1890.

THE young artillery officer who at the age of nineteen was compelled by a contusion to abandon the military career, and who in 1863 returned with settled purpose to his old love, philosophy, achieved in 1868 (he was then twenty-six) a success truly phenomenal. The "Philosophy of the Unconscious" put Von Hartmann in the very forefront of philosophical notoriety. Nor has he been content to rest upon his laurels. His chief work has this year reached a tenth edition, and in the intervening period he has worked out, in three bulky works, the application of his metaphysical principles to the fields of morals, religion, and art. Whatever may be thought of the prolixity of his style, there can be little doubt as to the substantial value both of the critical and the original work in these volumes. At the same time a succession of popular *brochures* has discussed problems of contemporary interest, social, literary, and religious, and several monographs on special aspects of his general view have appeared with bewildering rapidity.

In the reissue of his works he adopts an order suggested by the description of his *chef d'œuvre* on its title-page as "Speculative results on the method of inductive science." His metaphysical theory recedes more and more into the position of a last word, a cold, high summit of supreme (hypothetical) truth, while more into the foreground come what may be called the real or material doctrines of the system, the *media axiomata* of æsthetics, ethics, and the philosophy of religion. The pessimism recedes from view, and the "Unconscious" is revealed in the character of a greater and wiser than merely human consciousness. Yet one feature stamps Von Hartmann—the common element of his two teachers, Hegel and Schopenhauer. He believes in metaphysics. And thus the strange spectacle presents itself of University teachers of philosophy who drop every particle of metaphysics as if it burned their fingers—or who, to use Hartmann's phrase, put on the old and outworn shoes of English and French empiricism—and on the other hand a non-academic philosopher upholding the banner which fell with Schelling half a century ago. At first, indeed, the new metaphysician proclaimed himself essentially a Schellingian; but later reflections have led him to a somewhat modified view of his relation to the great movement of German idealism, as will immediately appear.

The present volume comprises eight articles, of which some have already appeared in various periodicals. They date from the years 1886–89, and embrace topics from most branches of philosophy. In form, nearly half are reviews of books; but even in that case they find the connecting centre of their remarks in Hartmann's own standpoint, and then form a commentary and illustration to the philosophy (in the largest scope) of the Unconscious. The first three papers discuss, with a decided personal interest, his position in the history of philosophy—the precise attitude he holds towards his great predecessors and elderly contemporaries. Dühring is dismissed as "without a single original idea in the whole of his philosophical writings;" Lange, it is said, owed his brief fame to the favour of scientists who were rejoiced at his metaphysical scepticism; and Trendelenburg is made responsible for the general mediocrity, or worse, of the modern representatives of philosophy in the German Universities. Schopenhauer (whose centenary in 1888 called forth the paper) is not ranked high as a philosopher, and his influence on the present generation is attributed to his literary power, to the quietistic pessimism, so natural after the failures of 1848, which found expression in his books, and to the profound ethical pathos of his unworldliness and resignation. The third paper, entitled "My Relation to Hegel," takes up the common criticism that to understand him you must invert the order of his exposition, and get rid of the so-called "dialectical" method, which, it is alleged, only disguises the true inductive method of his advance. But apart from these objections to the form of Hegelianism, and especially to its metaphysical apex (no slight matters, however, in this case), Hartmann finds Hegel's ethics, philosophy of religion, and above all his philosophy of art, to be essentially and permanently valuable, and estimates his relationship to Hegel, taken all in all, as greater than that to any other philosopher.

The fourth and fifth papers deal with ethical questions in reviews of Wundt and Doering. To the former he objects his faltering faith in metaphysical reality—a half-way allegiance which admits that ethics is unmeaning without "a sense of the unity of the individual subject with the absolute subject," but fails to see that "the belief in Providence, *i.e.*, in the absolute teleological character of the universal mind, is required if man is to entrust himself with resignation to the divine guidance of the universal process of salvation." As against the hedonist argument of Doering, that nothing can set man's will in movement but preponderant egoistic pleasure, he insists with much vigour that ethics is possible only if there be a non-egoistic motivation—only if the process of motivation is psychologically independent of conscious and unconscious idea of pleasure.

The sixth paper gives a critical account of the mysticism of Ludwig Haller, a self-taught philosopher. What Haller contended against was the "delusion of priority"—the belief, *i.e.*, that one idea is truer or higher than another; what he maintained, therefore, was that all standpoints have but a relative merit, that each is another, but not a higher, and that in the absolute we reach absorption in utter indifference.

From this illustration of the ill results of a metaphysical faith not according to knowledge, we pass in the seventh paper to a criticism of the epistemological theories of Volkelt, Biedermann, and Dorner. Hartmann's own view, which he calls "transcendental realism," looks upon idealism as only demonstrating the absurdity of the naïve realism which believes the thing we know in consciousness to be the cause of our sensitive affection. As a substantive theory, it holds, idealism fails. We want some point of attachment for the possibility of a knowledge which shall be more than subjective; and this Hartmann finds in the feeling of compulsion by some trans-subjective agency—in the category of "transcendent causality"—which alone justifies the instinctive reference to the object of perception to a thing in itself. But such a pre-supposition of a common dynamic nature on both sides of the transcendent causality is, as he at the same time characteristically admits, a mere hypothesis which has to justify itself.

It would obviously carry us far afield to consider these discussions of the great modern question of the objectivity *v.* subjectivity of knowledge. The peculiarity of Hartmann's treatment is his insistence on the merely probable character of our science. "The whole inductive idea of the world is but an hypothesis which never quite excludes the possibility of illusion."

The last and longest paper in the book is an essay on the philosophy of language. It is suggestive, but hardly convincing. After some criticism of Max Müller, Gerber, Steinthal, Geiger, and especially Noiré, it concludes with the reflection that "man and animal in the matter of intellect differ only by gradual differences," that "this gradual difference does yet in special circumstances lead to qualitatively distinct results," and that "we cannot exaggerate the length of the period in which the natural man was without spoken language, or estimate too highly the differences between their animal beginning and their gradual transition into the period of spoken language."

A YOUNG FRENCH CRITIC.

PETITS LUNDIS (NOTES DE CRITIQUE). Par Antonin Bunand. Paris: Perrin et Cie. 1890.

M. ANTONIN BUNAND is decidedly audacious, and not a little imprudent, in his choice of a title. It is scarcely wise for a young critic to challenge comparison with Sainte-Beuve. M. Bunand is not a Sainte-Beuve, but he is a singularly honest, keen, intelligent critic, widely read, independent of precedent and prejudice, and the master of a good nervous French style. He belongs to no school—a rare thing in France—and he has no *parti pris*. His book is the judgment of an onlooker, sympathetically interested in the conflicts of the day, but standing a little apart, out of the crush. If he is unjust—and he is not quite just to Dumas, not quite fair to M. Lemaître—it is not because his theory forces him to injustice. He makes no pretence of having a theory, preferring to have impressions. And his impressions are always those of a healthy and acute mental organisation. He has an entire absence of affectation, he has sober good sense, not without the essential capacity of enthusiasm. And his book has much variety, a wide range.

M. Bunand deals almost entirely with contemporary authors. He has a brief study of the correspondence of Flaubert, in which he says many of the things which ought to be said on that fascinating subject. He writes with a just enthusiasm, yet carefully, with fine discrimination, of the splendid work of the brothers De Goncourt, so little known, so ridiculously ignored or underrated, in this country. He is judicial in regard to "Le Stendhalisme," really appreciative of Stendhal's great achievements, yet refusing a blind admiration. His style becomes analytic and precise in writing of Émile Hennequin; exuberant, Provençal almost, when he treats of Daudet; "tourmentée et lugubre" (to use his own words) in the essay on the poetry of Edgar Poe. He is always alive, alert, vivacious—not only when he is giving counsel to the youthful Décadents: "Assez de génie, ayez désormais du talent, jeunes aèdes de la Décadence!" His style has many of the qualities which one might naturally expect in the work of a poet. M. Bunand has already published a volume of poems, "Plein Air," which contained a great deal of very sincere and interesting work—realistic studies of country-life, in rather a new *genre*, new at least in verse. His prose style is poetic in no bad sense: it is clear, firm prose; but it often flashes or flowers into admirable poetic imagery, and shows at all times a fine sense for colour and picturesqueness of phrase, condensing a page of criticism into a revealing metaphor. He is writing, for instance, of the Zola of Belgium, M. Camille Lemonnier, and he says: "Il a le style rutilant, le verbe écarlate. Il vise au relief de l'expression. Son écriture résonne d'une redondance somptueuse de mots, d'une fastueuse surabondance d'épithètes. Tous les vocabulaires lui sont bons pour atteindre son effet. Sa prose gonflée charrie les termes rares et précieux, les archaïsmes et les néologismes, et les mots arrachés aux jargons des provinces. Il y a pléthore, et cette pléthore menace de crever, pour ainsi dire, la peau de la phrase." He writes of Barbey d'Aurevilly: "Sa phrase, comme une lame d'acier, rutile, pétille et scintille, en dardant des rayons aveuglants, toute damasquinée d'images, toute niellée de métaphores." Of Daudet and his exquisite early work: "en ces croquis alertes, quelle adresse à fixer d'un trait vif, prestement tracé, d'une pointe amicale ou ironique, la silhouette des choses et des gens connus! . . . ces croquis agiles, où l'impression des choses et des gens se pique dans sa verdeur de fleur frais cueillie." Elsewhere he will define Verlaine—the most curiously interesting, alike as writer and man, of contemporary French poets; and how dexterously he weaves his definition into a piece of musical prose: "C'est aussi et toujours ces demi-teintes, ce susurrement de nuances assoupies, ces cadences onduleuses qui s'évaporent pour ainsi dire, impalpables, diaphanes, comme de bleuâtres volutes de brume lointaine, comme des caprices de nuages s'effaçant à l'horizon, d'une harmonie odorante, comme la senteur indécise d'une fleur non respirée encore, éclose sous d'autres cieux; bref, cette poésie qui est, par excellence, une suggestion de sentiments et de sensations estompés de clair-obscur, voilés de brume." The interest of this book of criticism is thus not only in its opinions: it may be read as literature.

THE ADVANCING JAP.

THINGS JAPANESE: NOTES CONNECTED WITH JAPAN. By Basil Hall Chamberlain, Professor of Japanese and Philology in the Imperial University of Japan. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1890.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S position, very notable in a foreigner and an Englishman, makes him a trustworthy guide; and he not only arranges his subjects alphabetically throughout, but gives besides a good index, and constant references to other "best authorities."

Even diplomats might here read-up the reaction against foreigners now again surging up, and perhaps regard the rapid annual additions to the 72,000 humble native Christians as a reason for the repetition of the history of 300 years ago in the recent deadly attacks of young Japan on English missionaries. For what Japan is pleased to call its mind cares for none of these things; and, instead of bowing down any longer at the shrine of Koshi, *alias* Confucius, reverences Mr. Herbert Spencer in his stead, under the native guidance of the able eclectic and erratic Fukuzawa, "a real power in the land."

Although Bakin—it was a *nom de plume*, and he died in 1848—with his "Tale of Eight Dogs" in 106